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THE SNOWDROP MONUMENT (IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL).

BY JEAN INGELOW.

MARVELS of sleep, grown cold,
Who hath not longed to fold
With pitying ruth, forgetful of their bliss,
Those cherub forms that lie,
With none to watch them nigh,
Or touch the silent lips with one warm human
kiss?

What! are they left alone
All night with graven stone,
Pillars and arches that above them meet;
While through those windows high
The journeying stars can spy,
And dim blue moonbeams drop on their un-
covered feet?

O cold! yet look again,
There is a wandering vein
Traced in the hand where those white snow-
drops lie.
Let her rapt dreamy smile
The wondering heart beguile,
That almost thinks to hear a calm contented
sigh.

What silence dwells between
Those sever'd lips serene!
The rapture of sweet waiting breathes and
grows.
What trance-like peace is shed
On her reclining head,
And e'en on listless feet what languor of repose!

Angels of joy and love
Lean softly from above
And whisper to her sweet and marvellous
things;
Tell of the golden gate
That open'd wide doth wait,
And shadow her dim sleep with their celestial
wings.

Hearing of that blest shore
She thinks on earth no more,
Contented to forego this wintry land.
She has nor thought nor care
But to rest calmly there,
And hold the snowdrops pale that blossom in
her hand.

But on the other face
Broodeth a mournful grace
This had foreboding thoughts beyond her years,
While sinking thus to sleep
She saw her mother weep,
And could not lift her hand to dry those heart-
sick tears.

Could not — but failing lay,
Sighed her young life away,
And let her arm drop down in listless rest,
Too weary on that bed
To turn her dying head,
Or fold the little sister nearer to her breast.

Yet this is faintly told
On features fair and cold,
A look of calm surprise, of meek regret,
As if with life oppress'd
She turned her to her rest,
But felt her mother's love and looked not to for-
get.

How wistfully they close,
Sweet eyes, to their repose!
How quietly declines the placid brow!
The young lips seem to say,
"I have wept much to-day,
And felt some bitter pains, but they are over
now."

Sleep! there are left below
Many who pine to go,
Many who lay it to their chastened souls,
That gloomy days draw nigh,
And they are blest who die,
For this green world grows worse the longer
that she rolls.

And as for me I know
A little of her woe.
Her yearning want doth in my soul abide,
And sighs of them that weep,
"O put us soon to sleep,
For when we wake — with Thee — we shall be
satisfied." Good Words.

BUBBLES.

A BUBBLE rises on the stream,
And dances down the tide;
Beneath the sun bright colours gleam,
And glisten on its side.
What though, before a moment's past,
It all must burst in air —
The little while that it may last,
The sunshine makes it fair.

I will not care although my dream
Be what I ne'er may see;
My hope at least can make it seem
As though it yet might be.
A little longer, and I know
It all may pass away;
Then, when I must, I'll let it go,
But keep it while I may.

Chambers' Journal.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
NEWMAN'S POEMS.*

THERE are two especial causes of the interest excited in us by the labours of a great mind in a sphere different to the one in which it is accustomed to work. In the first place, such *stapeya* are valuable for their own sake. Even where left confessedly imperfect, a sketch by the hand of genius teaches us more than the most elaborate performance which exhibits no higher quality than skill. The Sonnets of Michael Angelo, for instance, were the recreations of a man whose serious business it was to paint a Sistine Chapel, or to sculpture Medicean sepulchres. But the verse of the one leisure hour breathes the same serious and noble spirit that animates the form over which the Titanic workman laboured. It is stamped more carelessly, perhaps, than they are; but with the same ineffaceable impress of grandeur.

And there is a second reason why we like to read a sculptor's sonnets, a statesman's romance, a philosopher's poetic fancies, or the fugitive pieces of a dramatist; and it is one quite independent of their intrinsic merits. It is this: Through them we find admission into that charmed circle—a great man's inmost mind. We appear to share with his intimate friends his hours of relaxation, while we read the thoughts which made those hours pass swiftly. Nay, at times we seem, through our survey of these confidential moments, to see further into his inmost soul than the very friends perhaps could do who joined in his diversion from business.

Is not this especially the case in our study of the greatest of all poets? That unegotistic genius which is the peculiar splendour of Shakespeare, veils his own personality in its excess of light; and renders him unapproachable in proportion as it renders him admirable. The wondrous mirror of the Shakespearean drama, which reflects so impartially every type of character, gives us no glimpse of the mighty master's features as he stands behind it; and we are forced to abandon every hope of penetrating Shakespeare's inner life through his plays. But not so when we turn to some

of his Sonnets. There the curtain is lifted; there the heart, which seemed to throb with no other pulse than the current of universal humanity, discloses to us its own bitterness. And we mark, with no common emotion, how the eagle eye, which scanned untroubled (as we thought) the heights and depths of man's being, can grow dim with tears. We listen, and awe overcomes us as we hear the voice, which stirred all hearts with its trumpet's call, faltering forth the sadly-changed accents,—

“Wearied with these, for restful death I sigh.”

Now, it is to the class of works which we have described—the occupation of genius in its “*horæ subsecivæ*”—that the small volume before us belongs. The greater portion of it has appeared before in the “*Lyra Apostolica*”; but it now comes forth, with some significant omissions, and one most important addition, for the first time with the writer's name. The appended dates show us how many of the most beautiful poems which it contains we owe to the enforced leisure of travel; and a glance at the contents of any theological library will tell how small a part of Dr. Newman's time can have been bestowed on poetic studies. It is, then, on both the grounds which have been already mentioned that his “*Verses on Various Occasions*” claim to arrest our attention; and they have yet a third, more peculiarly their own. For while they are the work of a powerful intellect, unbent for a season from sterner tasks; and while they offer us glimpses of a mind which friend and foe have often scanned with a perplexed curiosity; they also, in the third place, present themselves as contributions to contemporary ecclesiastical history: as witness in the great cause which the nineteenth century is being forced to try over again—the justice and necessity of the religious Reformation of the sixteenth. The book which contains them will therefore certainly be read and pondered by many who do not belong to that small company—the disinterested lovers of poetry. It has attractions for all who know, even only by hearsay, how great was its writer's share in that movement which is still largely affecting, both for good and for evil, the spiritual life of our day. While his old bearers at

* Verses on Various Occasions. By J. H. Newman. London: Burns & Oates. 1868.

Oxford—the men who (whether at the time the preacher's peculiar doctrines pleased or displeased them) confess now that, after a quarter of a century's lapse, his voice yet echoes in their hearts*—must needs open this book with no common feelings. They must find pleasure, though perhaps sorrowful pleasure, in reviving, by its aid, their remembrance of their former teacher. They will see in the hidden life here unveiled to them the source of that strong influence which they acknowledge; they will here seek to trace out that path which he trod alone, even while his outward road ran as yet parallel with theirs. Most of all will they come prepared to look sadly on the scars which may bear witness to that great conflict in which they lost their leader; and to ask what have been the results of "loss and gain" to this gifted being, from the act of spiritual suicide by which ties still dear to memory were so violently rent asunder.

We do not ourselves profess to be insensible to such considerations. Our first concern, however, is with Dr. Newman as a poet; our first inquiry, how far the "subtle and fine science of logic," as Milton styles it, has yielded up her place in these pages to her "more simple, sensuous, and passionate" sister, poetry? And a few extracts from the earlier poems may enable us to discern

* We quote the eloquent words of an unimpeachable witness:—"His [Newman's] power showed itself chiefly in the new and unlooked-for way in which he touched into life old truths, moral or spiritual, which all Christians acknowledge, but most have ceased to feel. . . . As he spoke, how the old truth became new! How it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger—how gently, yet how powerfully!—on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then. . . . To call these sermons eloquent would not be the word for them—high poems they rather were, as of an inspired singer; or the outpouring as of a prophet, rapt, yet self-possessed. And the tone of voice in which they were spoken, once you grew accustomed to it, sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the stillness of that high Gothic building [St. Mary's] the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water in some vast dim cave. After hearing these sermons you might come away still not believing the tenets peculiar to the High Church system; but you would be harder than most men if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of coarseness, selfishness, worldliness; if you did not feel the things of faith brought closer to the soul."—*Shairp's Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*.

at once the presence of these three indispensable requisites in the poet. We shall find these verses marked by an antique singleness of thought and simplicity of diction; we shall see in them (for the most part) a due preference for the concrete to the abstract; nor, though their themes exclude the ordinary sources of passion in poetry, and though their writer's severe self-restraint may look cold to a superficial glance, shall we find them otherwise than the expression of genuine and strong feeling. The lamp which burns in this alabaster shrine is no painted fire; only it was not kindled at any earthly hearth.

For instance, with what unfeigned and fervent indignation the poem entitled "Progress of Unbelief" glows! What other poets have sung under the influence of strong personal feeling of their own wrongs is said here at the sight of the Faith dishonoured by an unbelieving generation:—

"Now is the autumn of the Tree of Life;
Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful
earth,
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the winds'
strife,
Heartless to store them for the month of
dearth.
Men close the door, and dress the cheerful
hearth,
Self-trusting still; and in his comely gear
Of precept and of rite a household Baal rear.

"But I will out amid the sleet, and view
Each shrivelling stalk and silent-falling leaf.
Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,
Fades, and, in fading, stirs the angels' grief,
Unanswered here; for she, once pattern chief
Of faith, my Country, now gross-hearted grown,
Waits but to burn the stem before her idol's
throne."

An unjust picture, doubtless; as much too favourable to the past as too harsh a portraiture of the present; though scarcely justifying Dr. Arnold's charge against its painter of "hating the nineteenth century for its own sake;" but an example of the simplicity of strong feeling, when, in the overwhelming sense of injury to what is dearer than life, all considerations but one vanish, and the mind has room for nothing but its grief. Now, contrast with this poem of indignation a poem of deep and quiet feeling, most simple in its tenderness as the

former in its wrath an answer supplied
beforehand to the longing cry —

“ Oh, Christ, that it were possible
After long years to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be ! ”

It is entitled “ A Voice from Afar : ”

“ Weep not for me : —
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

“ I still am near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now too I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and musings sweet.

“ A sea before
The Throne is spread — its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on the shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.”

There is a tranquil beauty in this little poem, like the shining of moonlight in some woodland glade. Its depths of feeling are still and unruffled ; but they are more profound than many more ambitious waters.

When, turning once again to Milton's celebrated definition, we find that it is essential to poetry to be not only “ simple and passionate,” but “ sensuous,” we naturally reflect for a moment on the exact sense of the expression. And we find it to import that poetry should no more consist of soul without body than of body without soul. There must be the fire of passion to vivify ; but there must likewise be the material frame at hand to receive the gift of life. Poetry may presuppose and ground herself on the deepest philosophy ; she should rarely discourse it. She may have metaphysics for her allies ; she must not suffer them to be her rulers. Now, when we apply this definition to the book before us, we find it to condemn some of the poems which it contains. For there are several of them in which the poet is lost in the preacher, and of which instruction is plainly rather the object than delight. Of this class the three brief stanzas entitled “ St. Paul at Melita,” and the little

poem called “ Flowers without Fruit,” may serve as examples. The first is a sermon compressed into the limit of a short epigram ; but the verse only gives it force and polish, it is not the necessary expression of an essentially poetic thought. The second, which we have read in Newman's “ Apologia ” of his early friendship with Archbishop Whately, we shall always regard as its memorial ; expressing as it does a favourite thought of that logical but unimaginative mind, in a manner which must have met with its entire approval. But for the most part it is otherwise with these poems. Their writer, if he sometimes presents the truths by which his soul has been stirred, too much as bare abstractions, yet oftener sees and presents them to us as real existences which reveal themselves under graceful and symbolic forms. Now it is some well-known event in sacred or in classic story, now it is some occurrence of daily life or some incident of travel, which furnishes a local habitation for the winged thought that flitted round the lonely student. He does not much seek for metaphors ; they, unsought, seek him ; for to him the invisible world is the real world, and the visible only precious as its exponent.

In the picture-gallery which we have just entered, warmth and colour do not predominate ; its noblest characteristic is rather that fine severity of perfect light, which is so admirable in Ary Scheffer's best pictures. And if the roseate hue of youth and health is lacking in the saints and martyrs on its walls — if their robe of flesh has grown too thin and transparent for one kind of beauty — yet, for that very reason, an hour spent in their company may prove a welcome change to eyes wearied by seeing the spirit overpowered by the flesh, in more than one gallery of our present poets. The resemblance of Newman's poetry to Dante's in its high spiritualism, may have attracted notice the sooner on account of the outward traits of likeness between the two men ; each blinded to the good of his own times by a too keen and scornful perception of their evil ; each severed from community of purpose with his countrymen, yet yearning to regain their sympathy ; each, moreover, making war for an idea, sacrificing cherished local immunities to the phantom

of a venerable central authority, and fearlessly incurring the reproach of treason for that dear object's sake. Still, in his readiness to decorate the tabernacle with the spoils of Egypt, in his mastery over his own language, in a vivid realism which depicts scenes remote from human experience as might an eyewitness, — above all, in his habit of taking the invisible for the basis of his operations on the visible, instead of, like other men, approaching the unseen by the seen, — Dr. Newman is a kindred spirit of that great poet's, to whom, in wide range of power and magnitude of grasp, it would be an idle task to compare him. We shall presently see how his latest poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," suggests several interesting points of contact between them. Meantime, there is already something Dantesque in his early sonnet on Coneyra, that classic type of revolutions. Notice how speedily the antiquary's, the historian's interest, is swallowed up in solemn reflection on the continued existence of each long-vanished actor in those once stirring scenes: —

"I sat beneath an olive's branches grey,
And gazed upon the site of a lost town,
By sage and poet raised to long renown;
Where dwelt a race that on the sea held sway.
And, restless as its waters, forced a way
For civil strife a thousand states to drown.
That multitudinous stream we now note down
As though one life, in birth and in decay.
But is their being's history spent and run,
Whose spirits live in awful singleness,
Each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom;
Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds then done,
Such reverence on me shall its seal impress
As though I corpses saw, and walked the tomb."

Here it is the past which summons up the ghostly present. In the next sonnet we shall quote (faithful like the first in structure to the pattern of Petrarch and of Milton), it is the present which is the prophet of the future; the power of memory, felt while journeying, is the pledge of its might in days to come; when the traveller shall have at last gone the way whence he may not return. In both, the light which plays on the picture is a gleam from the world of spirits; the dead yet live, the living is hastening on to join their ranks.

"MEMORY."

"My home is now a thousand miles away;
Yet in my thoughts its every image fair
Rises as keen, as I still lingered there,
And, turning me, could all I loved survey.
And so, upon Death's unaverted day,

As I speed upwards, I shall on me bear,
And in no breathless whirl, the things that were,
And duties given, and ends I did obey.
And when at length I reach the Throne of Power,
Ah! still unscared I shall in fulness see
The vision of my past innumerable deeds,
My deep heart-courses, and their motive seeds,
So to gaze on till the red-dooming hour.
Lord, in that strait, the Judge! remember me!"

The strict laws of the sonnet suit Dr. Newman's genius better than do bold Pindaric flights. Of his two "Tragic Choruses," the best, "Judaism," has the defect of consisting merely of strophe and two antistrophes — i.e., of three precisely similar stanzas. The first of the three is, however, very fine. It makes a worthy use of the grand form of the *Œdipus Coloneus*, as the symbol of God's rejected people in their woeful dignity; bearing, yet bringing, a curse; everywhere, yet nowhere at home; with their sad present, but mysterious hope for the future: —

"O piteous race!
Fearful to look upon,
Once standing in high place,
Heaven's eldest son.
O aged blind
Unvenerable! as thou fittest by,
I liken thee to him in Pagan song,
In thy gaunt majesty,
The vagrant king, of haughty-purposed mind,
Whom prayer nor plague could bend;
Wronged, at the cost of him who did the wrong,
Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
And honoured in his end."

Whenever we think of either of those two pre-eminent tragedies which have *Œdipus* for their hero, these last five lines recur to our mind as the best possible summary of the strange contrasts in which the "Sophoclean irony" delights: the king of all men the most wretched while he seems the happiest, most full of might when lowest in estate. There is another fine lyric in this collection called "Reverses," which blends with good effect, in its first two stanzas, the images of nature with symbols taken from history; summing up the particular exemplifications of the decay of splendour at its height, familiar to the student of sacred and profane story, by an appeal to the universal type with which all men are acquainted: —

"When mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high,
The Watcher's axe is nigh,
All growth has bound, when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Upstairs its pageants vast,
And vaunts — it shall not last!
Bright tints that shine, are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend —
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Towards an end."

This climax is very touching. It sets before us friendship as at once the most precious and the most fragile of earthly goods; as affecting a noble heart by its evanescence far more than "temple and tower" in their overthrow can do; because when it dies a spiritual thing perishes, which had a right to immortality. Indeed the view of friendship given us in these poems is a very mournful one. To their writer's mind the happiest friends are those severed in good time by the hand of death, so as to escape worse partings. The life-long sorrow which throbs and pulses on the many-chorded lyre of "In Memoriam," is to his mind an enviable thing, since it is unmixed by any bitterness or self-reproach. It is in this spirit that he approaches the most famous friendship on record.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

"O heart of fire! misjudged by wilful man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race!
What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan
Last greeted face to face!
He doomed to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stained holiness.

Yet it was well : — for so, 'mid cares of rule
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth-joy and kingly pride;
With battle-scene and pageant, prompt to blend
The pale calm spectre of a blameless friend.

Ah! had he lived before thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high,
Sure it had snapped in twain love's slender
band,

So dear in memory;
Paul, of his comrade reft, the warning gives, —
He lives to us who dies, he is but lost who lives."

Who can deem this last stanza otherwise than most unjust to the love of David for Jonathan? And as to the second, would it be too hazardous to conjecture that, whatever good dreams, haunted like those of Achilles by Patroclus, may have brought the Hebrew monarch, he would have derived far more from his living friend? nay, that even from the most grievous sin of his

life, he might have found a defence in the shield that was cast away with Saul's on the mountains of Gilboa, had its lofty-minded bearer but survived to take the part of his better self against his worse?

This mournful poem does not stand alone in its profound sadness. Here is the view of life which is its logical complement : —

OUR FUTURE.

"Did we but see,
When life first opened, how our journey lay,
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as we one time shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would
break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesus' sake.

But Thou, dear Lord!
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to
come,
Isaac's pure blessings and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful
word;
Wiling me, year by year, till I am found,
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound."

It would be hard to find a fault in these two stanzas; except the excessive alliteration (or rather awkward proximity of two similar sounds, *pale* and *Paul*), in its last line. Otherwise they are very perfect in themselves, and inexpressibly touching by their tone of resigned sorrow. We have often wished to ask their author whether the resemblance in sentiment between the first of them and one of the most pathetic passages* in Shakespeare is a designed or undesigned coincidence. We have ourselves always supposed it to be the latter; well knowing how much more familiarly the banks of the distant Ilissus are haunted by Oxford men, than those of the nearer Avon. In that case its date of near forty years ago is worth noticing; as showing how a blameless divine could pluck, ere the *mezzo cammin* was passed, the same bitter fruit of knowledge which our great dramatist represents as the result of a whole life of care and crime.

In the close of this poem, as in so many of Newman's, a scene familiar to Bible-

* "O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt away
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beaky girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips: how chances mock,
And changes till the cup of alteration
With divers liquors: O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress
through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the door, and sit him down and
die."

— King Henry IV., Act iii., Scene 1.

readers is set before them as exemplifying laws which are still at work, and which may therefore reproduce the same scene in substance, although with changed accessories, in any man's experience. The apostle, going to Jerusalem to meet he knows not what evil, but evil too surely of some sort, is the type of every sorrowing yet steadfast pilgrim, who has not parted with his firm determination for the right course, along with the joyful illusions which hailed its first entrance on it, but bore him company but a little way. In this constant illustrative use of the Scripture story, Newman treads the same ground with his early friend Keble. It is in their poetic treatment of kindred or identical themes, that their paths are wide apart. Keble delights far more in the play of the fancy — often straying to gather its flowers till he finds it hard to recover his road. Newman centres his attention on getting at the heart of some one object, and developing all that is really in it to his hearer. The very wealth of their poetic imagery gives some of Keble's poems a blurred outline, a hazy light, confusing like some of Turner's latest pictures: when Newman errs it is in the other extreme, by stimulating the imagination too little; — his definite, sharp-cut outline stands sometimes in need of atmospheric softening. Readers of the "Christian Year" will understand at once what we mean by comparing the poem there for St. James's Day, and that for Easter Monday (on St. Peter at Joppa), with two upon the same subjects, far briefer and less poetical, in Newman's volume. If, on the other hand, we place Keble's beautiful poem on the recognition of Joseph by his brethren side by side with Newman's stately sonnet* on that patriarch's character, the comparison will give us a good view of the distinguishing excellences of each author. Best of what we may call the Scripture pieces in this book, we like the poem misnamed "Desolation." Its severity of outline is illuminated by the gush of golden light in its third stanza; and no mean skill has concentrated around that vision of the Master in Glory four distinct scenes of His earthly life, all contributing without any confusion of thought to the main idea of this poem.

* Keble was preaching at Torquay, a year or two before he died, on the history of Joseph. His well-known verses were in the mind of most of his hearers; who, (forgetting for the moment who the preacher was), expected to hear them from his lips, as he began to cite a poem illustrative of his subject. When, instead, he repeated his long-lamented friend's fine sonnet, all present felt deeply touched by the memories so evoked.

"O say not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read: this earth He trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh.

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
Nathaniel con his sacred lore;
Shouldst thou thy chamber seek unseen,
He enters through the unopened door.

And when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwearing in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with saints around,
He stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although he holds their eyes;
Or shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Or on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
The shore is gained, and thou art free."

Poems like this one look very easy to write, and are in truth very hard to imitate. It is always possible to be trivial and vulgar; but to unite, as here, great simplicity of thought and great plainness of speech, to dignity, is a difficult task. But some of Newman's Poems are more imaginative, and less severely concise. Of this class, the following is (or rather was) a most beautiful example. We shall take the liberty to restore it to its earlier and better form.

REST.

"They are at rest:
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
By rude invoking voice, or prayer address
In waywardness to those
Who in the mountain-grots of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by."

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale;
But they at rocky bed, or current deep,
Shall never more grow pale;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream
shall flow.

* Theological (assuredly not poetic) considerations have caused the following change of this fine stanza in the present volume: —

"They are at rest;
The fire has eaten out all blot and stain,
And, convalescent, they enjoy a blest
Refreshment after pain;
Thus to the End in Eden's grots they lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it hurries by."

Each of these alterations is an unhappy one. Especially is it a pity to see the "well of English undefiled" perturbed just here by the drop of ecclesiastical Latin in "convalescent."

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they
glide;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and
grove
The verses of that hymn which seraphs chant
above."

Here Milton's Eden in its "bowery loneliness" stands forth the fitting emblem for all that pious minds love to imagine concerning the repose of the true paradise. We can well remember how, when the "Lyra Apostolica" first appeared, there were three poems in it, — "A Voice from Afar," one now omitted which commenced, "Do not their souls, who 'neath the altar wait," and this, just quoted, of "Rest," — which found a way, with their soothing sense of repose and hope to many a mourner's breast; and opened hearts which closed, grieving, against the unsparing denunciations of rational guilt and gloomy prognostications of the future which were bound up with them.*

Independently of their own merits, all poems which aspire to lift the veil from the life to come appeal to the strongest instincts of our minds: to their own personal hopes and fears; to their memories of the loved and their longings for reunion. When the lyre which had sounded the exploits of Achilles and Agamemnon in life, prepared with altered notes to follow their wraiths into the Cimmerian gloom, who can doubt that the listeners held their breath and redoubled their attention? And when the strain was done, did not the blue sky of Greece look yet more blue, the rose-chaplets round the feasters' brows still redder, to eyes as yet privileged to go on behold-

* Would, however, that some warning voice had repeated these lines on "Sacrilege" in our statesmen's ears last year! May the suffering Church of Ireland experience the good which they predict, as she has already the evil which they foreshadow!

"The Church shone brightly in her youthful days
Ere the world on her smiled;
So now, an outcast, she would pour her rays
Keen, free, and undefiled;
Yet would I not that arm of force were mine,
Which thrusts her from her awful ancient shrine.

"Was duty bound each convert-king to rear
His Mother from the dust,
And pious was it to enrich, nor fear
Christ for the rest to trust;
And who shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the Holy Altar been?

Dear brothers!— hence, while ye for ill prepare,
Triumph is still your own;
Blest is a pilgrim Church! yet shrink to share
The curse of throwing down.
So will we toil in our old place to stand,
Watching, not dreading, the depopler's hand."

ing what these famous men of old might see no more for ever? And the great poem of medieval Christendom has doubtless been often studied less as a poem than as a revelation. Mourners and dying men have listened, and felt consoled, as Dante told of that company of rescued souls whom he saw disembark chanting their "In Exitu Israel," and set forth up the mount of purgatory to the bliss beyond. But only a master's hand, like that of the first or second father of poetry, can be trusted to treat this great theme in detail. It imperatively rejects the commonplace and the sentimental. And to modern thought, suggestive poems like the short lyric just quoted — statements veiled by befitting imagery, which leaves the mind very considerable latitude in its interpretation — are more agreeable than those precise descriptions which were the delight of child-like and unreasoning minds in earlier days. Nevertheless it is description of this distinct and exact nature which forms the staple of Dr. Newman's latest and longest poem, the "Dream of Gerontius." No longer content with the fugitive pieces of his youth, he elaborates for us a drama in his age. Not satisfied, as heretofore, with guessing dimly at what Scripture leaves unrevealed, he has hearkened to a voice which professes to declare the secret which the risen Lazarus kept, and he now undertakes to disclose it to us. Under his guidance, if we will, we may learn, an hour before the time, the great mystery of how the spirit feels when its fleshly tie to earth is severed; and soar with it into those unknown and untried regions, which half a century's meditation has cleared the poet's inner vision to descry. We are invited to follow a soul through its last agony and in its upward flight; to leave it, where its guardian angel must leave it for a while, in the place of its final purification. And each stage of the amazing progress is set before us with a realism which makes this drama a psychological marvel; and with a power of divination so singular as to bespeak for the seer of this one department in Hades, a measure of that reverence which the people of his own time accorded to the man who had seen it all.

Such, too, is the poetic strength put forth in it, that the "Dream of Gerontius" is a conspicuous example that the after-gathering may yield richer fruit than the vintage; an evident proof that the Muse of Zion is Ruth-like in her dispositions, and is more ready to visit and to bless in age than in youth. And what gives this remarkable poem its distinguishing character

is this, — that while, to a superficial glance, it seems to tread a well-known and beaten track, it is, in truth, a vigorous flight of the imagination into a region scarcely entered before; for it occupies that subjective side of their common theme, which the fathers of poetry and their great followers let alone, to give it an almost exclusively objective treatment. The ghost of Agamemnon in the *Odyssey*, the two Counts of Montefeltro in the Hell and in the Purgatory, the spirit of Hamlet's father, tell us each the occasion and consequences of his death; but they are silent as to what dying itself felt like. The departed soul of Faust remains mute while good and evil angels contend for its possession. But Gerontius unveils to us all the processes of his mind, in its embarkation and its voyage over the untried sea, with an air of sober reality which carries conviction of truth along with it. By a strong effort of thought, the poet has so placed himself under new conditions of existence, so projected himself into his own future, that we do not dream of questioning the accuracy of his description. It is otherwise with the forms by which his principal personage is surrounded. The high marks of genius which stamp the utterances of Gerontius are far less apparent in his respectable but verbose angelic guardian; in the demons, grotesque rather than fearful, which beset his path; or in the choirs of angels who people the joyless heaven into which he finds a momentary entrance — where they seem to pass their time, harmlessly but drearily, in singing improved editions of Watts' Hymns. Nevertheless here Dr. Newman fails in very great company. Who is satisfied with the heaven or with the seraphs of Milton? Or who fails to see that if Dante's angels are grander and more impressive than those of the "Paradise Lost," this effect is mainly due to their dignified reserve — to that silence which is so seldom broken by them, except in the very words of Scripture? Moreover, in the "Dream of Gerontius," as much as in the Prometheus of Eschylus, the principal character is everything, the attendant figures comparatively nothing. Gerontius himself interests us so much that we hardly notice the accessories of the picture. For, as we have already said, he is the type of Man face to face with what medieval preaching styled the Four Last Things: in him we behold the image which is one day to be our own; and it is curiosity about the region which lies at once so near to us and so far, that sharpens our ear to catch his every word. Nor is this all. Besides representing man in general, Ge-

rontius is, in particular, the representative of that noblest style of man, the saint. Holy resignation to the Divine will, and ardent love to God, compose his character, so far as we are made acquainted with it. And thus, raised high in the moral order above the common spectator, while in the natural he occupies the same level, he is enabled to claim his admiration no less than his sympathy. Yet it is this selfsame spiritual elevation that makes the catastrophe of the poem shock our moral sense. Gerontius is declared sinless, yea, incapable of sin, after his death, by his guardian angel. He exhibits, as has been said, the most pious dispositions. Can the sentence, then, which dooms such a holy being to endure ages of purgatorial fire, fail to strike the mind (apart from theological subtleties) as unjust? We may try to resist the impression by recollecting how imperfect is our best idea of goodness; by the reflection that what seems holiness to us may to purer eyes be sin. But then, unluckily, for the validity of such an explanation, there is a standard of comparison at hand. Angels must be presumed good, and fit to inhabit the regions of bliss; now to the angels of this poem Gerontius is in no respect inferior in goodness; nay, he is evidently their superior, inasmuch as his trust in God withstands a painful trial to which they are not exposed. Hence it is that our sense of justice — which is not disturbed when the too daring Prometheus feels at last the thunderbolt which he has challenged, which approves when the gate of Paradise closes after Milton's Adam and Eve — rises up here to protest against the sentence which excludes the righteous soul of Gerontius from the bliss which beings whose holiness is not more sublime than his are suffered to partake.

We will try to enable our readers to judge of this, and of the justice of our other remarks, for themselves.

When the drama opens, Gerontius is lying on his death-bed. His soul is shaken by the last enemy's approach. He discerns his presence, not by the extremity of his sickness alone: —

" 'Tis this new feeling, never felt before
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee),
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to be.
Pray for me, O my friends! a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;

'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers,
'tis he!

As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole refuge,
Thou.)

And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness of which I came;
This is it that has come to pass in me;
O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not
strength to pray.

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss."

It is amidst this shaking and passing away
of all transitory things — this vanishing of
every external prop, and the last fierce on-
set of the powers of darkness — that the
voice of faith is heard; the hand of faith is
seen stretched out to grasp the things invis-
ible and eternal. Gerontius gathers his re-
maining strength together, and rouses him-
self to make his last profession of faith.
The friends who kneel around repeat their
Litany, and call earnestly on the Deliverer
of all His faithful of old in their time of
trouble, to give help and comfort to His dy-
ing servant now. Strengthened by their
intercession, Gerontius commends his de-
parting spirit to his Lord, and yields it up
in peace; while the assistant priest pro-
nounces the "Depart, Christian soul," and
begins, with the others present, the solemn
prayers for the dead.

In the second division of the poem we
accompany the now freed spirit into the un-
seen world.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

"I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed:
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense of
Freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling
pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.

This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain;
For it drives back my thoughts upon their
spring

By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.

And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!"

The two sections from which we quote
these lines are the highest effort of Dr.
Newman's genius. The subtle analysis of
the mind's workings, the strange power of
divining the unknown by the known which
they display, exercise a stronger fascination
each time they are read. All who care for
psychological problems (and in this particu-
lar problem who does not feel an interest?)
must watch the sure hand, as it here searches
out depths for which science furnishes no
sounding-line, with an awe like to that which
fell on the Hebrew monarch, as he watched
the sorceress when she arose to call his de-
parted reprover from the grave.

There is much that is fine in the succeed-
ing sections, though scarcely anything so
striking. The soul is no longer alone. The
mystic music has revealed to it the presence
of its guardian angel, and from him it learns
something of the marvels of its present
state. It discovers that it is hastening to
its Judge's presence with a flight not ruled
by space or time; yet rendered slow to its
own impatient desire, through being meas-
ured by the succession of thought. Though
separated from the body, the spirit still fan-
cies itself surrounded by its fleshly frame;
just as in the living man the lost limb long
seems, to the severed nerves and muscles,
to hold its place.

"Hast thou not heard of those, who after loss
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains
In hand or foot, as though they had it still?
So is it now with thee, who hast not lost

Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man.
So will it be, until the joyous day
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified."

And now, as the soul speeds onward to the goal of its long desire, it encounters those good and evil spirits whose lyric strains form, in our judgment, the less satisfactory portion of the drama. There are the thankful songs of angels to salute its advance; there are the spiteful mockeries of the baffled powers of evil, heard only to be despised. But the first lack all the bright, jubilant exultation which we should have expected them to possess: the second make us smile when we ought to shudder. These wicked spirits, who accuse God's servants of obeying Him only for interested motives (as their chief did holy Job), are as curiously like some sceptics of the present day in their affectation of refinement as in their arrogant presumption. The following lines would suit a conceited philosopher, while still in the flesh, much better than they do incorporeal spirits:—

DEMONS.

"What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint
Before his death;
A bundle of bones
Which fools adore,
Ha! ha!
When life is o'er;
Which rattle and stink
E'en in the flesh."

Well may Gerontius pass with silent contempt by beings fallen beneath the dignity of *spirit* far enough to have acquired noses to turn up at the poor, unwashed saint of Romish hagiology, when he chances to stray "betwixt the wind and their nobility!" And if the evil angels of the poem are thus plainly un-Miltonic, the good angels, who form its chorus, are Miltonic only in their faults. The didactic seraphs of the "Paradise Lost," have at least the excuse of discoursing to a human auditor. But what reason have those happy powers, who sing in the courts of the Most High, to recite verses so historical, so explanatory, so altogether suggestive of the long-renowned Tate and Brady, as the following?—

"The foe blasphemed the holy Lord
As if he reckoned ill,
In that He placed His puppet man
The frontier place to fill.

For even in his best estate,
With amplest gifts endued,
A sorry sentinel was he,
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts
Who had angelic life.

And when by blandishment of Eve,
That earth-born Adam fell,
He shrieked in triumph, and he cried,
'A sorry sentinel;

The Maker by His word is bound.
Escape or cure is none;
He must abandon to his doom
And slay His darling son."

Or why, with no perplexing modern theologian within hearing, should that tiresome personage, pre-historic man, occupy the attention of the seraphs, in these finer, but not more dramatically appropriate, verses?—

"Woe to thee, man! for he was found
A recreant in the fight;
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din;
Who once had angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man! a savage kindred they;
To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to eld, from sire to son,
He lived and toiled and died.

He dreed his penance age by age;
And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb,
And be again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,
And chastened by his rod,
And taught by angel-visittings,
At length he sought his God;

And learned to call upon His Name,
And in His faith create
A household and a fatherland,
A city and a state."

But far superior in lyric beauty to the best portions of the Chorus, is the song of Gerontius himself in the crisis of his fate: a sweet and tender strain, impassioned with divine love. It is in the sixth section of the poem that, amid the intercessions which ascend from earth "as dew in summer even," the pleading of "the great Angel of the Agony" obtains for Gerontius the sight of Him whom his soul loves: that one moment of the Beatific Vision which is to

soothe by its sweet remembrance the coming ages of anguish.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"Praise to His Name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity
Which, with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of
God."

SOUL.

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be;
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken
breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

Then Purgatory opens. The souls within
it are heard chanting their solemn psalm;
and the Guardian Angel thus consigns his
beloved charge to its healing sorrows:—

"Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee;
And o'er the penal waters as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake;
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou
liest;
And masses on the earth, and prayers in
heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most High-
est.

Farewell! but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the mor-
row."

So ends a poem, in our judgment as satis-
factory in its subjective as it is the reverse in

its objective, portions. Of its writer we
may say far more truly than did Coleridge
of his great predecessor Dante, that "he
does not so much elevate our thoughts as
send them down deeper." For his subtle
speculations on man's complex being, his
daring researches into the "abysmal depth
of personality," carry us along with them
far more completely than do his upward
flights. And as it is with the thoughts on
which the poem rests, so it is with the verse
which forms the superstructure. The iam-
bics and the graver lyrics of the poem (two
of which form our last quotations) have a
peculiar and serious harmony of sound—

"Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi
Quand' Eolo Scirocco fuor discioglie : "

so that we may apply to Dr. Newman's best
passages his own melodious words:—

"The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind—among the lofty pines;
Swelling and dying, echoing round about;
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful;
While, scattered from the branches it has
stirred,
Descend ecstatic odours."

But the Choruses to which Gerontius pays
this beautiful compliment do not justify it.
Would either of those which we have ex-
tracted, the best or the worst, so affect any
one? Who can judge them worthy to be
chantered to the sound of heavenly harps, and
to the rush of angelic pinions? Thus, when
we compare Dr. Newman with the last
great traveller before him on the same road,
with Goethe, we find that his Gerontius has
nothing to fear from the competition of that
silent spirit, so arbitrarily rescued from his
just doom by the German poet; we also see
that the inestimable advantage of a strong
faith has given to the less artistically per-
fect poem an impress of reality which is
wanting to the last two scenes of "Faust;"
but, on the other hand, set beside Goethe's
swift dactylic flights and his glorious
"Easter Hymn," the Five Choirs of Angel-
icals in Gerontius make but a sorry show.
Nor is the final catastrophe more satisfac-
tory, though for a widely different reason
than that of "Faust." Each tramples on a
deep-seated conviction of the human breast,
on a strong foundation of natural piety.
And though, in Dr. Newman's case, we
consent to hold his creed, rather than his
art, responsible for what revolts our moral
sense in the conclusion of his drama, yet
would it not have procured his exclusion,
and with right, from the Republic of even a
heathen philosopher? Can a poem which
implies, as does the "Dream of Gerontius,"

that creatures can be more merciful than their Creator, stand the test of Plato's celebrated rule?

From this reflection we pass by a natural transition to our last subject of inquiry: from the consideration of the poetic value of Dr. Newman's verse to the yet more interesting endeavour to learn from it, as a crucial instance, what it profits a soul to turn, as inadequate to its needs, from the voice which, once for all, went forth from the holy hill of Zion; and to seek to supplement its utterances by the oracle of the seven hills. Let us briefly sum up the evidence here presented of the consequences of such a course, and dwell for a moment upon them.

The writer (in 1835) of the poem on "Rest" evidently believed with the elder Church (whose teaching on this point is adopted for her own by the English Church, and recommended to her children upon every All-Saints' Festival), that "the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them." The author of the "Dream of Gerontius" has learned, instead, to look forward, with an heroic but sad composure, to death as the beginning of sorrows even to the holy — sorrows of unknown intensity as to their sharpness, and as to their duration indefinite. Can he point to one single verse of Scripture which will justify his new teacher in thus making sad a heart which the Lord has not made sad?

In "Rest," and in other poems (now wholly suppressed) of the "Lyra Apostolica," their author rejected the invocation of saints to place exclusive confidence in the One Intercessor; he altogether refused to follow their example, who

"Seek to charms of man, or saints
above,
To aid them against Thee, Thou Fount of grace
and love!"

He exclaimed, in accents of genuine and fervent affection —

"Ah, Saviour, Lord! with Thee my heart
Angel nor saint shall share;
To Thee 'tis known, for man Thou art,
To soothe each tumult there."

Is it well to have learned to divide this confidence? to look forward to a death-bed which others than He who died for us are to be called to "soothe"? For Gerontius calls on two names beside His in that "last agony when the soul instinctively falls back upon its deepest certainties." His pious friends, and the good priest who kneels beside him, commend him to other advocates,

to other mediators; as though to supply by their intercession the deficiencies or the indifferences of the True One. The "Angel of the Agony" pleads on behalf of souls in purgatory with Him who endured that very agony for their sake; and meantime the great Intercessor remains mute — the Redeemer seems unmindful of His own sure promise* to admit all spirits faithfully commended to Him "that day" into paradise. Is not the loss to a Christian heart, implied in this lowered conception of the chief object of its faith, an inconceivably great one? Can any gain in inferior departments of the spiritual life be otherwise than trifling when set beside it? Is the gayer tone of the ballads in honour of the blessed Virgin and of the saintly founder of the oratory, which find a place in this new volume, a really more satisfactory symptom than the stern and sorrowful notes which came from the same lyre in earlier days? If the latter pointed to a deficiency as yet unsupplied, to a fear not yet "cast out," do not the former mark a descent to a lower level, a relinquishing of high truths once held, which it is painful to contemplate?

Nay, more: is not the theology of the later poems, after all, but the natural outgrowth of that root of bitterness which a close inspection might discern springing up amid all the promise of the earlier? For in those, despite of the occasional flashes of a more childlike confidence, was not there very discernible a prevailing tendency to interpose an awful interval (which the Gospel interposes not) between the sinner and the Saviour? to bid those still "stand afar off" whom a gracious voice commands to draw near? That grand hymn of the universal Church, the "Te Deum," claims for the Christian the high privilege of beholding his Redeemer in his Judge. Do not even the early poems tend to reverse the process, to renounce the blessing; and train the mind, instead, to see with Gerontius,

"The Judge severe, e'en in the Crucifix"?

Then, as in the original corruption of the religion of Christendom, so to the individual also comes the Nemesis of faith; to claim for the many the trust refused to the One; to extend into another life the term for the accomplishment of a work which it is felt to be impossible to complete in this.

Nevertheless, the defects of Dr. Newman's theology must not render us insensible to what is great and good in it. In

* How this promise was interpreted by the primitive Church, Frudentius, "the poet of the martyrs," bears witness to us in his grand hymn, "In Exequiis Defunctorum."

what he would (on far other grounds to ours) agree with us in calling its imperfection thirty years ago, it stirred mightily the men of that generation, because its teacher held the truth that was in it firmly, and preached it boldly—nay, perhaps its partial truth found a way into some hearts which would have closed against the truth orb'd in completeness. Is it too much to hope that the light which burns behind strange medieval shapes in the "Dream of Gerontius," may attract some wanderer now, who might have found that same light too dazzling presented through a purer medium?

In these days of materialism every expression of faith in the Unseen has its value. Now that the reality of moral evil is denied on every side, each testimony to man's need of deliverance from sin is precious. Nor can we read the "Dream of Gerontius" without envying its gifted author his clear perception that holiness is worth any sacrifice and any suffering; and that to "see the Lord" is an unmistakable joy, which would be cheaply purchased by millenniums of anguish.

For a mind more earthly, for a heart less faithful than his own to venture to reprove him for the dishonour (great, but unintentional) which he has done to his Master and ours, would be presumptuous. Let a voice from the grave speak for us. Let Dr. Newman's friend in earlier and happier times,—with whom, while it could yet be said of that little band,

"Unâ docta cohors arma tenet manu,
Muros construit alterâ,

he stood shoulder to shoulder in the work of defence and construction, where he has since attacked and thrown down,—the saintly author of the "Christian Year," make answer in our behalf. Let him reply for us that it was the baseless dream of a diseased imagination,

"That showed the righteous suffering still,
Upon the eternal shore."*

Let him answer the strongest argument for purgatory—the seeming impossibility of attaining here the holiness needful for the enjoyment of heaven—by declaring, that to doubt the accomplishment on earth of the work of sanctification in the saved, is to doubt the Word of Him who is Himself the Truth.

"Fear not, for He hath sworn;
Faithful and true His name.

* "Christian Year."

Surely the time is short;
Endless the task and art,
To brighten for the ethereal court,
A soiled earth-drudging heart.
But He, the dread Proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in Love, as to Thy foes in power.

His shoulders bear the key;
He opens—who can close?
Closes—and who dare open?—He
Thy soul's misgiving knows.

If He come quick, the mightier sure will prove
His Spirit in each heart that timely strives to love."*

When the poem which contains these stanzas first appeared, its place in the "Lyra Apostolica" was just before Newman's "David and Jonathan." How must its neighbour's well-remembered line—

"He bides with us who dies; he is but lost who lives,"

have rung in the deserted friend's mind, as Keble sat down alone on the spot (ever after sacred to that bitter recollection) to read the letter which, as he said, † "told me that Newman had left us"! Of those two friends' first and last meeting afterwards, we have the deeply interesting record from Newman's own pen.‡ He has described how, after the lapse of many years, he entered Keble's door, and sat in converse with him, and with a third whose name has been often associated with theirs. Keble's playful exclamation at parting, "When shall we three meet again?" has a solemn sound now, as we remember that it was the last meeting of those three in this world. Yet "when" is infinitely less important, as applied to the final assembling, than "how?" And thinking of the faith, obscured by later accretions, but not destroyed, in the book we have been examining, let us anticipate the manner of the meeting for the two wearied and scarred veterans who remain, in the words of their fellow-champion who has already entered into his rest:—

"O then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pained or seemed amiss,
Shall melt with earth and sin away!
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Filled with each other's company,
Shall spend th' eternal day!"
— St. Mark's Day: "Christian Year."

So may the touching lines which will fitly close our remarks on their great writer find fulfilment in his own case. It was while

* Keble's Minor Poems.

† Coleridge's "Life of Keble."

‡ Ibid.

he was girding himself up for the "great work which he had to do in England" * that Newman invoked that Light (by warning fears of sinning against which he was then haunted), in a strain probably familiar to many readers who are strangers to his other works. Nevertheless we cannot omit what still, after the lapse of near forty years, constitutes its author's surest title to a place in the ranks of that goodly company, the hymn-writers of the universal Church. In every prayer of this their "lost leader," his fellow-Churchmen once, his fellow-Christians still, may not dare to join. But this one no man can refuse. May it be accomplished, as for those who now repeat, so for him who first framed it, when the darkness shall at length be past, and the shadows flee away!

* Newman's "Apologia."

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will — remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

MY LOVE.

My love is pale, but in her cheeks
Faint rosy flushes come and go,
That gather slightly when she speaks,
And sometimes deepen to a glow.
She seems most like a young white rose,
Within whose heart a blush is set,
Softly unfolding as it grows —
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her eyes are blue — such sweet blue eyes!
Her white lids veil them from your sight;
But now and then a smile will rise,
And fill them suddenly with light;
And when she hears of some distress,
And on the lashes tears are wet,
They look with such pained tenderness —
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Across her brow in even braids
Is smoothly laid her glossy hair;
My love has need of no false aids,
Or tricks of dress to make her fair.
She does not need from silken trains
A gorgeous dignity to get;
In her soft homely dress she reigns —
But ah, I have not found her yet!

She wins your heart a hundred ways —
Laying a light hand on your arm,
Shewing in all she does and says
A native deferential charm,
Moving about with quiet grace;
Such little things you soon forget,
Although they steal your love apace —
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her image in my heart I wear;
My love, my faith, are all her own;

I keep my life prepared for her
When she shall come and take her throne.
I dream of what the world will seem —
So much more bright — when we have met;
I wonder, is it all a dream? —
For ah, I have not found her yet!
Chambers' Journal.

In a recent number of *Les Mondes* Dr. A. Boue calls attention to the fact that a great many scientific publications of the northern and easterly parts of Europe remain almost unknown, except in the countries where the languages (Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Lithuanian, Russian, Czech, Slavonic, Magyar, Polish, Neo-Greek, and Roumanian, and even Dutch) in which they are published are spoken. The author suggests that it would be an advantage if, for each of these publications, either a full translation or an abstract of the papers were simultaneously published in French, English, or German.
Nature.

THE Government of Nicaragua has sent an expedition under Mr. Sonnenstern, a civil engineer, to examine whether the River Coco can be made navigable. The report of Mr. Sonnenstern, which is favourable, has been published in the *Gazette* of Nicaragua. The river has hitherto been little known. The Indians are stated to be indolent and docile, and might, by contact with settlers, be civilized.
Nature.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

WHEN Lady Laura Verschoyle left Dyne Court she promised to write to Mr. Ford on their arrival in Egmont Street, and said that she should then expect to hear when they might see him there. They had now been at home more than a week, and although she feared that Audrey was not yet in a state to receive her eligible admirer, she could not longer delay writing to Mr. Ford.

"Now," thought her ladyship, "I must so word this note that his fears will not be unduly excited, for his anxiety might bring him to town at once. But I should like him to know that Audrey is too unwell to bear any agitation. Dear me, how thankful I shall be when it is all settled, and she is married! I cannot stand these worries as I once did." She sat thinking thus for some time, and then wrote:—

"MY DEAR MR. FORD,—I have been wanting so much to write to you ever since my return home, which was on Saturday." ("Perhaps," she said, "he'll think that means the day before yesterday.") "I know you are very anxious to hear about our dear Audrey. What a comfort it is for me to remember that now I have some one who has a right to share all my troubles on her account! Dear girl, I wish I could give a more satisfactory account of her. Her nervous system continues in such a sensitive state, that Dr. Kenlis says the *slightest excitement* might bring a relapse. Still, he assures me there is no cause for anxiety. By the end of another month, if his directions are attended to, and she is kept *perfectly quiet*, she will be quite her former self. Of course I feel bound to comply with his injunctions, although, I confess, I am greatly tempted to disobey them, and ask you to come and see us. I do not think she will put up with this restriction longer. She is constantly speaking of your promised visit. I dare not tell her that I am writing, for she would insist on seeing the letter, and she has no idea of her own weakness. This is the reason why you have no message from her. I cannot tell you, dear Mr. Ford, how eagerly I look forward to certain coming events, or how sure I feel that in entrusting my beloved child to your keeping I am securing her happiness, and the happiness of her mother as well.

"Yours most truly and affectionately,

"LAURA VERSCHOYLE."

"Now I don't think I have said so much as will lead him to come; nor so little that he will fancy we don't want him. I think I shall have another conversation with Audrey. She must be brought round, of course. I cannot think what madness has

seized her. She gives no reason, but, like a parrot, senselessly repeats, 'I cannot help it. If you let him come here, I know I shall refuse him.' It is really more than human nature can endure. Job, indeed! I never read that he had a trial of this kind. However, she shall have no new dresses; and I am determined that I shall neither ask any one here, nor take her anywhere. I think if I can carry out this plan I am sure to succeed. I have put forth every effort to find out what she means, and I have tried Marshall in every way, but I don't believe she knows anything either, although she's as artful as can be."

Never during the whole course of her life had her ladyship been so much puzzled. Audrey had tried by every means to avoid being left alone with her mother, as she was sure the conversation would turn upon the one subject. At Hastings these manoeuvres were comparatively easy; but now opportunities were constantly occurring, and she had to listen to long dissertations on the impossibility of their continuing to live in the same style; Lady Laura urging that she must give up her carriage.

After despatching her letter to Mr. Ford, her ladyship went into the dining room, where her daughter was writing. She meant to try her skill once more.

"What a dismal day this is, to be sure! November in London is quite unbearable; one ought to be in excellent health to endure this continual fog and rain."

"I don't think we have had much cause to complain of the weather yet, mamma: yesterday was a lovely day."

"Well, my dear, perhaps you are able to enjoy things more than I can. My spirits are so bad, that it makes little difference to me whether the day be bright or gloomy. The disappointments I have had have been rather too much for me. But I am foolish to talk of them, for only sensitive people have any feeling for the sufferings of others. I often think of dear Lady Lascelles. She used to say I was the only one who could give her any comfort, because I so entirely sympathized with her. Poor thing! what a martyr she was—confined to her room for years, and often for months not able to see one of her family! Ah! Mary had a great deal to answer for."

"Why?" said Audrey; "what had Mary to do with it?"

"What had Mary to do with it?" returned Lady Laura in an injured tone.

"Why, everything. Until she gave up Sir Henry Skipwith and disgraced herself by running away with the tutor, her poor mother was as well as I am."

"Nonsense, mamma; Lady Lascelles was not taken ill for more than two years after Mary's marriage. Besides, she had rheumatic gout."

"Excuse me, Audrey. From the time when that ungrateful girl left her home, Lady Lascelles never knew a moment's peace of mind. Though the world chose to say she had rheumatic gout, those who loved her knew she died of a broken heart. Of course it was two years before her family noticed it. Just as it is with me. I might be walking into my grave, and until I was on the very brink of it, neither you nor Charles would imagine that I was weaker than yourselves. However, that does not much matter. When I am gone you may see differently. But I have not much to live for. I used to think that I should see my children settled and well established. I was foolish enough to think they would be pleased to see their mother happy; but all that is gone now. The one pretends that he cannot marry because he does not feel a proper amount of affection for a pretty girl with a handsome fortune. The other has not even that poor excuse; to an offer of every luxury and refinement that money can procure — a country seat, a town house, horses, carriages, diamonds, and *carte-blanche* to spend whatever she pleases — her only reply is: 'Don't let me see him. I cannot help it: I know I shall refuse him.' I never knew that there was madness in the family, but this looks exceedingly like it."

"Don't say any more, mamma," said Audrey. "All the bitter things *you* could say would not equal my own surprise. If I do not marry Mr. Ford, it will be because I cannot, not because I will not."

"If you would give me some reason I could listen more patiently to these ravings. You must know the cause. Is there any one else you think of marrying?"

"No. I do not suppose any one else will give me the opportunity."

"Well!" laughed Lady Laura scornfully, "I am glad to find you have so much sense left. I quite agree with you there. For the last three weeks you have looked five-and-thirty — your eyes are dull, not half their usual size, and the lines under them are worse than mine. Your hair has lost its gloss, and has just that look hair always has before it falls off. Begging that Mr. Ford may not see you, indeed! I am not quite sure that you need alarm yourself. There are not many men who would care to ask you to sit at the head of their

table as you are looking at present." Then, finding Audrey made no answer, she continued, "Sometimes I think you must have a hopeless fancy for some one, or have fallen in love with a *mauvais sujet*."

"Had I done so you would certainly have found it out," replied her daughter bitterly. "See how very soon you discovered that Mr. Dynecourt was dying to marry Miss Bingham."

"So he was," said Lady Laura; "and I have no doubt that he will effect his purpose now. I saw him yesterday talking to her in Bond Street. He was leaning in at the brougham window, devouring every word she said. He turned to see who she bowed to, turned crimson, and gave me the stiffest salutation. I am sure he need not have troubled himself to be so distant. He may marry the niece, and the aunt too, for aught I care."

Audrey closed her desk, and walked out of the room. She went slowly up-stairs, and, locking the door after her, sat down before the mirror — pale and care-worn! Would he care for her now? The tears dropped one by one until they fell in a thick shower. So soon forgotten: his love transferred to another! "Devouring every word she said." It could only be her mother's exaggeration; it could not be true. But the thought rankled, and she found herself hating the girl who could look upon his face and hear his voice, while she sat hungering there as helpless as a prisoner bound hand and foot.

Soon afterwards her mother tapped at the door. "I have just had a letter from your aunt Spencer," she said; "she wants us to go to Beauwood on Thursday for a few days. The Delvins are there. She is sure to be offended if we refuse; and yet I do not care about taking you from home just now."

"Why do you not go by yourself?" My illness is sufficient excuse for me. Nobody you care about need know you have gone."

"I should be back on Saturday," said Lady Laura. "But how will you get on alone?"

"Oh! I shall do very well. I would rather not go, but I think it may do you good."

"Well, I really hope so," replied her ladyship, "for I require some change. So if you think you will not be very dull alone, I shall accept. She only asks me until Saturday, so I shall be sure to be home then."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THE EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE."

NEXT morning, when the letter-bag was brought to Mr. Ford, he disposed of all his correspondence before he opened the letter from Lady Laura. Having carefully read it twice, he slowly folded it up, and said to himself—

"I believe this woman is playing me false in some way; and I can't help thinking that young Dynecourt is connected with it. I knew something had gone wrong in that quarter when he left in such a hurry; but I thought it was all on his side. The girl has been too well drilled into the idea of making a good match to allow her feelings to carry her away. Still, things don't look clear. I am very fond of Audrey, and, as I must marry, I would prefer her to any woman I have seen. There's a great deal of good in her which that Lady Jezebel hasn't been able to root out. I know if she married me of her own free will she'd try to make me happy; but I don't want her to be forced into it if she is attached to somebody else. During the day I'll think how I had best act to get at the truth. Before I see her I shall just call upon Mr. Dynecourt, casually mention her name, and then enter into a little conversation about the Verschoyles. In this way I am likely to see if there is anything underhand going on—not that I think it's likely. I can trust the young folks, but not her ladyship; she's a slippery customer, and could wriggle herself in or out of anything."

The result of these reflections was that Mr. Ford determined to go to town on the Thursday morning, and stay a few days. Arrived in London, he went first to the Temple, apparently on some business. Finding Geoffrey Dynecourt much occupied, he secured his company for dinner that evening, and then made some other calls. From Mrs. Winterton he heard that Miss Verschoyle seemed quite recovered. The Verschoyles had been in town about a fortnight, she thought; and she had met them driving, but they had not yet called upon her.

When Miss Bingham came in, she could speak of nothing but an afternoon party her uncle was going to give. "It is an idea of mine, Mr. Ford, and you must tell me what you think of it. You know, my uncle has an immense conservatory, which can be beautifully lighted. I proposed that he should invite a number of people; engage some musicians, give us some tea, and after that let us go about, and talk, you know. Aunt declares it will be a failure,

but I am sure it won't. The conservatory can be nicely warmed, and some of the plants removed, and others grouped about. I think it is charming, and people will be delighted to come, because they have nowhere to go at this time of year."

"It sounds very nice," said Mr. Ford. "I am sure if you look after things it will go off well."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Winterton; "Selina always talks a great deal beforehand. When once she gets there, she will sit down with two or three of her friends, and never so much as think how the rest are getting on."

"Now, aunt, I am sure I shall do nothing of the kind. You must promise to come, Mr. Ford; and, oh! I wish Miss Verschoyle would come, she talks so well. You might persuade her."

"My dear Selina," said Mrs. Winterton, "you forget that Lady Laura has not called upon us yet."

"Oh! but I don't believe Miss Verschoyle would mind that, and Lady Laura told us she intended to call."

"I'll tell her how much you wish it," replied Mr. Ford, smiling at Miss Bingham's unusual enthusiasm. "I dare say I shall manage something. When is it to be?"

"This day week. I do not want the invitation to be a long one, because it is to appear quite an impromptu affair. My uncle is not married, you know, so I am sending out the invitations for him."

"Well, then, as I am likely to see Miss Verschoyle to-day or to-morrow, shall I take her a card?"

"Thank you, that would be much nicer than sending it; and you could explain matters to her."

Mr. Ford did not intend to call at Egmont Street until the next day. He had determined, before seeing Audrey, to have a little conversation with Geoffrey Dynecourt. So that evening, as they sat together over their wine, the elder gentleman introduced the subject in a very easy manner, although he saw that his companion tried to evade the subject and change the conversation.

"I shall call at Egmont Street to-morrow, and then I must tell Miss Verschoyle that you dined with me, and chatted over the days we all spent together," said Mr. Ford.

At that moment Geoffrey Dynecourt hated the old man. Why should Mr. Ford be his successful rival always? Why should he possess the old lands, and likewise come between him and the woman he worshipped? Dynecourt could not command his voice to

reply, fearing he might utter some of the bitter things it seemed so hard to keep back.

"I saw Miss Bingham to-day," Mr. Ford went on, taking no notice of his guest's silence. "She is a nice girl, and I think would make a very nice wife. You should have tried your hand there."

"Should I?" answered Geoffrey. "Well, it's not too late yet; I have promised to go down to some party her uncle is giving at Ealing. How much money has she?"

"What! is *that* to be the charm for you, Dynecourt? You see I don't expect you to be like most of the young men of the present day."

"I don't see how one can help it," said Mr. Dynecourt bitterly. "Some one says, 'God made the woman for the man;' the world rather makes the man for the woman. Only fools fall in love, and they are laughed at by the very idols they bow down to. Money is the charm by which a man can win a woman's heart. Perhaps Miss Bingham, having a fortune, may be willing to barter it for something else. Dynecourt is not a bad name, although it is threadbare. It and the family pedigree might weigh a little in the scale of an heiress, whose blood is not of the purest blue."

"Don't talk like that, my dear fellow," said Mr. Ford; "there are true-hearted women as well as true-hearted men."

"Are there?" he replied. "I don't believe it. They died out with our mothers. Women now teach us to have no faith in anything. If we are selfish, who is to cure us? If we are hardened, and worn by the world, who is to redeem us? The friends of a reckless man look forward to marriage as his salvation, his last hope; and if women have no higher aims than we have, are our superiors in cunning, and at least our equals in want of heart, in greed, and in love of self, what is there but hopeless misery for both?"

Mr. Ford shook his head. "You are too hard," he said; "you must remember, women are human."

"Yes; and let them be true to their nature, and their very faults become dear. If you love a woman with your whole heart, and she loves you in return; and if, because of that divine bond, she is willing to make the best of you, and of herself, and of the life she hopes to spend with you, to others she may be stupid, weak, and frivolous, but she is the Eve of your Paradise. I believe clever women are a snare to lead one on to destruction. Miss Bingham has not that drawback, so wish me success, sir."

"Not I," said Mr. Ford gravely, "be-

cause I do not believe success would bring happiness."

"Happiness!" replied Mr. Dynecourt, laughing; "I blotted that word out long ago. But it is getting late, and I am keeping you up, sir. Good night," he said; but he could not help adding, "When you repeat our *tete-à-tete* to Miss Verschoyle, do not omit the latter part. I feel quite safe in her knowing my opinion of her sex, as, of course, the exception proves the rule in her case."

CHAPTER XXIX.

BEST FOR BOTH.

ABOUT two o'clock next day Mr. Ford presented himself at 27A, Egmont Street, and inquired for Lady Laura Verschoyle. He was told that she was out of town, staying at Beauwood for a few days. Miss Verschoyle was at home, however,—would he see her?

"Certainly," said he, very much pleased that he had timed his visit so well; and he was ushered into Audrey's presence.

"Mr. Ford!" she exclaimed, starting up, "This is quite unexpected; I had no idea you were in town."

"Well, I am only paying a flying visit," he answered; "and I was anxious to see if you were looking stronger."

"Oh yes! thank you. I am quite strong now." Then, trying vainly to regain her usual composed manner, she went on nervously, "Mamma isn't at home; she will be so sorry not to have seen you; she is staying with my aunt, Lady Spencer. Have you had luncheon?"

"Yes, thank you, my dear. I did not look forward to having the pleasure of seeing you alone. Are you not very dull in this house all by yourself?"

"I! Oh no, I rather like it; though I am almost well, I am not quite strong yet, so I do not take kindly to gaiety."

Mr. Ford then asked Miss Verschoyle various questions about her health, and the benefit she had derived from the sea-air. While seemingly engrossed by her account of herself, he was noting her unusual nervousness, her heightened colour, and an evident struggle to be at ease. These things were very new to the usual self-possession and repose of Audrey's manner. After a time she began to recover herself, and to direct all her tact and energy to keeping the conversation from any but general subjects.

Richard Ford was a keen observer. During his busy life he had been accustomed to watch men and their motives nar-

rowly. From the time he began to take an interest in Audrey, he had gauged her and her mother with tolerable correctness. He formed an opinion not wide of the mark, when he thought, "I believe for some reason that this girl does not want me to propose to her yet. Well! I will leave that to circumstances. But as I may not get such another opportunity as this, I will sound her about Dynecourt;" so he said suddenly,—

"I have a message for you from Mr. Dynecourt."

Audrey's blood seemed to withdraw, that it might rush back with greater force to her face and neck, and dye them crimson. To meet Mr. Ford's gaze was impossible; so she gave a little nervous laugh, and said, "Indeed! how odd!"

"Odd!" echoed Mr. Ford; "why? I thought you were great friends. Are you not so?"

"Oh! I liked Mr. Dynecourt much; but one does not always keep up acquaintanceships formed when visiting."

"No, but I thought he was going to call here often, and that you took a kindly interest in him."

"But he has not called yet."

"I am surprised to hear that," answered Mr. Ford; "I shall tell him you have been alone, and expected him."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Ford," said Audrey; adding, "I would rather you wouldn't say anything, but leave it to himself."

Audrey never looked up while this was being said; for she felt Mr. Ford's eyes were upon her. And she was correct; he was watching her narrowly.

"I am afraid," he said, "there has been some little misunderstanding between you that you will not tell me about. I am sorry for this, as I wanted your assistance about him. He is a great favourite of mine, and I fear he is going to do a very foolish thing."

"What is that?" said Audrey eagerly, forgetting herself in her anxiety for him.

"I need not say I am only telling this to you, Miss Verschoyle."

She nodded in assent.

"Well, then, last night, over our cigars, he told me that he thought of marrying." Though he paused, Audrey could not say a word; she seemed as if turned to stone. "Of course, that is quite as it should be. The thing I object to is, that having apparently had some disappointment, which has made him bitter, he intends to propose to a certain young friend of ours, not because he thinks she will make him happy, but because she has a fortune. Many circumstances

may make a man or woman marry for money, and as long as they have no other attachment I should not blame them. But if some other person possessed their heart, I should consider them to be acting wrongly. What is your opinion?"

"Why do you ask me?" replied Audrey coldly.

"For two reasons: I should much like to hear your ideas on the subject, knowing they would be mature and sound. Then, Mr. Dynecourt made some very bitter remarks about women last night, especially as to their want of love and faith. He said that they would sacrifice every feeling for money, and that it was the true elixir by which alone their hearts were touched. He afterwards bade me repeat his sentiments to you, saying that 'you might safely hear them, as you had proved yourself an exception to the rule.'"

"Then tell him from me that it was mean and cowardly of him," said Audrey, flashing up; "I am neither better nor worse than most other women. I devoutly wish I were;" and so saying, she rose abruptly and went to the window.

"My suspicions were correct, then," thought Mr. Ford. "I believe she loves him; at least there is something between them that is hidden from me. Should I be wise in asking her to be my wife? I think I could trust her,—it may be only a passing fancy she is struggling to overcome. But what if it should be more!—I believe I might trust her still."

In a minute Audrey turned round, saying, in her old gracious way,— "Pray forgive my irritability, Mr. Ford; a little more allowance is made for invalids than for other people."

"My dear, don't speak of it. I do not want you to be vexed with our good friend Dynecourt, for I am sure he has no intention of offending you. Perhaps, poor fellow, he is only halting between two evils. When I saw him, he was determined to try for an appointment in India,—a horrid, unhealthy country, and complete banishment. I suppose it is not decided yet, but I hope he'll not get it."

"Oh no!" said poor Audrey eagerly; "beg him not to try, Mr. Ford. You may ask him, from me, not to go there."

"I think it would have much greater weight with him if you asked him yourself. I am the bearer of an invitation to you, similar to one which Mr. Dynecourt has already accepted;" and Mr. Ford told Audrey of the afternoon party, at which Miss Bingham was so anxious Audrey should be present.

Audrey was strongly tempted to accept the invitation. Her one longing now was to see Geoffrey Dyne court again. Love had almost proved victorious. She knew what her decision would be had the choice to be made again between love and money. She had argued and taken herself to task in every possible way. Sometimes she had fancied her worldly wisdom had convinced her of the folly of her passion. But some trivial circumstance, some passing thought would bring it back with renewed strength. There had been times, too, when she felt she must write to Geoffrey, and ask him to come to her. She would tell him how she repented, how she suffered. But what if he had ceased to love her, if he hated, scorned her? No! she could not write. In times gone by she had not hesitated to show her preference openly, but now she could not make an advance, although the happiness of her life seemed to depend on it. But at a word or a sign from him she could lay her very heart bare. No wonder, then, that any chance of a meeting seemed to her like hope revived.

Mr. Ford saw her hesitation, and said, "Your mamma, I believe, intends to call upon Mrs. Winterton."

"I hardly know how to do, but I think I will write a note and say I should like very much to go, but as mamma is from home I cannot positively accept, not knowing what engagements she may have made. When do you go back?"

"To-morrow; but I shall return next week, when I hope to make a longer stay. I feel rather dull at home, now that all my friends have left me."

"I am sure you must; a large house like your's always seems to need a large party in it," replied Audrey.

"Yes," said Mr. Ford; "and yet I could be very happy and contented with a companion who would let me take a great interest in all she did, and in return kindly take some interest in my favourite pursuits."

Audrey gave a faint smile; they were nearing dangerous ground. Still she made no effort to change the subject, as she would have done at the beginning of Mr. Ford's visit. The conversation regarding Geoffrey Dyne court had stirred within her a host of conflicting feelings — bitter anger, tender love, and dread of Geoffrey's marrying or of his going abroad. She knew now that whenever Mr. Ford's offer came she had but one answer that she could give to him.

Mr. Ford greatly wished to have the matter settled. He knew that if Miss Verschoyle said "No," he would be disappoint-

ed. He did not for a moment expect such an answer. He thought he would at all events broach the subject, and then let things drift on or not, according to circumstances. After a pause he continued, "I am often tempted to be bold enough to ask some lady to marry me; I think — that is, I would try to make her happy."

"I am sure you would," said Audrey encouragingly. It was so much easier for her to speak now.

"My dear Miss Verschoyle, I dare say you will think it very foolish of an old man like me not to marry somebody of my own age. But I am ambitious enough to wish my wife to be a very beautiful young lady."

"Indeed," said Audrey.

"Yes. Do you think it shows great want of sense?" asked the old gentleman, somewhat nervously.

"I do not," replied Audrey. "I am sure many young ladies would be very pleased to accept you."

"As young as yourself?"

"Yes. I would rather marry you, Mr. Ford, than many young men I know."

"Then, my dear Miss Verschoyle, will you accept me? for I have been bold enough to hope I might see you mistress of Dyne Court."

Audrey waited for a moment, and then said, gravely, —

"Mr. Ford, you have done me an honour of which I am very unworthy. If I were to accept it, I should be still more unworthy of it. You know I value your wealth, and I think you know that I truly value your many good qualities. If I married you, I should wish to make you happy, and it is because I feel that I could not do it that I say — No."

Mr. Ford was silent. At length he said, "Miss Verschoyle, you must not be offended at my asking it, but are not your feelings altered in some way since you left Dyne Court? I think I should have had a different answer there; your mother wished me to consider your acceptance as certain."

"I believe mamma very much wished it; and at one time I greatly desired it myself. Even now I very much regret that it is best for both of us that I must decide as I do. I have not dealt quite fairly with you, and I am sorry you feel it. I fear I shall fall in your estimation, and lose a friend I truly value."

"One question more, Miss Verschoyle, and pray don't think it impertinent. Are you going to marry some one else?"

"No."

"Then your heart is still free?"

"I think my answers have come to an

end, Mr. Ford. I am very, very sorry I have misled you, but I do not refuse you in order to secure my happiness with another."

Audrey rose, as if to intimate that the interview had best terminate. The old man took her hand, and said,—

"My dear, I have no wish to pry into your secret; you have acted honourably towards me, and in keeping with the character I always gave you credit for. If I could do anything to secure your happiness, believe me I would do it. I have had too many trials in life for disappointments to have the keenness and bitterness they have in youth. Yet this is a disappointment to me. But I shall strive to overcome it, so that I may rejoice with all my heart when I see you the happy wife of a worthy husband."

Audrey could not speak. The tears were falling from her eyes, but she tried to smile on the kindly old man, who, she felt, had more goodness of nature than she had before discovered.

"I shall come again," he said, shaking her hand. "Not just immediately, but soon; until then, good bye, my dear, good-bye."

And he hurried away, saying to himself as he went,— "That girl has a noble nature, in spite of her up-bringing! I believe now it's something about Dynecourt." After pondering for some time, he sighed, thinking, "Well, it's all for the best, I suppose; but oh! if it had but pleased God to have spared my poor Patty! It is hard at my age to be trying to begin life afresh, as it were!"

CHAPTER XXX.

"I SHOULD HAVE TOLD THEE."

DURING the week the fashionable chronicle of the day announced that Lady Laura Verschoyle and Miss Verschoyle had arrived at their residence, 27A, Egmont Street, and that Captain C. Egerton Verschoyle had taken his departure for the north. But it did not intimate that Miss Dorothy Fox had left Fryston Grange for Holberton Hall, Leeds.

Still, so it was; and on the day fixed Mrs. Hanbury went to the Great Northern Railway Station to see Dorothy depart.

Grace had observed with anxiety that there was a change in her sister. Her spirits had been uneven, and her gaiety forced, and there was a nervousness in her appearance quite foreign to her nature.

"I am so sorry to leave thee, Grace," she said.

"And I, dear, am sorry to part with you. We shall miss you dreadfully. You must

write me all the north-country news. And, Dolly, after you have visited the Crewdsons let me know what they are like; and," she whispered, laughing, "you must tell me whether you intend to marry Josiah or not."

"I can tell thee that now," said Dorothy, with a tremor in her voice, "I have made up my mind—I cannot like Josiah."

"Then, my dear child, why are you going to Leeds!"

But there was no time to answer, the train was already in motion, and in a few minutes it was out of sight.

Dorothy's words added to Grace's perplexity. "I have been wrong," she thought, "to let her see so much of Captain Verschoyle. But it never occurred to me she would take any fancy to him. Perhaps he may have seen the impression he was producing, and so have hurried his departure. I am sure he is too honourable to take any advantage. But I am certainly to blame; I ought to have been more careful. Poor little Dolly!" And all the way home, and during the day, Grace was anxiously thinking thus about her young sister.

Nor was she the only person whose mind seemed to be filled and possessed with thoughts of Dorothy.

Every day since his arrival at Darington Captain Verschoyle had gone into York to meet the train by which he expected that Dorothy would come, and each day he had been disappointed. He made up his mind to go once more, and then to call upon her aunt, and see if she had arrived without his seeing her. All the reflections and workings of Charles Verschoyle's mind at this time it would be simply impossible for us to indicate. Sometimes he told himself that if he did not offer to marry the girl he would be an abominable vagabond, a blackguard who deserved to be kicked by every honourable man, and to be "cut" by every honest woman. At other times he said to himself that he was the greatest fool in the world. Who could believe that the grandson of an earl, and an officer in a crack regiment, would give up everything and everybody to marry the daughter of a country shopkeeper? The whole thing was absurd; and he must simply get out of the mess in the best way he could. When Dorothy did not arrive he worked himself into a fever, and finally made up his mind to call upon Miss Abigail Fletcher, who, to his surprise, was from home—"staying at Malton." The maid told him that she thought she had heard something about Miss Dorothy being expected. Jane would be sure to know; only Jane had a holiday, and wouldn't be back until Monday. So

until Monday Captain Verschoyle had to wait, chafing in fear that something had happened which would prevent him from seeing Dorothy again.

To Josiah Crewdson, Dorothy's visit was an event such as had never before occurred in his lifetime. As he stood waiting for the train he felt quite sick and faint from excitement, oppressed with a nervous dread that something unforeseen had detained her. But in another minute Dorothy arrived, and soon Josiah was wildly dashing against passengers and porters in order to possess himself of her luggage. After the first greetings were over, Dorothy was silent. Oppressed by the feeling that she had nothing to say, she excused herself on the plea of being tired, and Josiah, in his delight at seeing her, readily forgave her taciturnity.

Holberton Hall was a heavy-looking, square, stone-built house. Josiah thought it had never before presented so dull and gloomy an appearance, and he remarked, apologetically, —

"My sisters don't care for flowers, but the place might be made much more cheerful-looking. There is no occasion for my living here at all. We might get another house if — thou liked, Dorothy."

Dorothy looked in the opposite direction, "from coyne," as Josiah thought, but in reality to prevent him from seeing the tears with which her eyes were filled. Her deception seemed to come before her in all its force, and she felt that she should be miserable until she had told Josiah the real state of her mind.

The Miss Crewdsons came out to meet Dorothy, and delivered themselves of a set speech of formal greeting. They seemed to regard her engagement as a settled business; so that Dorothy felt herself to be an impostor, felt as if she had come into the family upon false pretences. Oh, how many times before the dreary evening came to an end did she wish that she had gone direct from Fryston to her own home!

Josiah did all he could to amuse her, making, as *Jemima* afterwards said, a "complete mountebank of himself." But it was all to no purpose. The gloomy house and the sombre room oppressed the girl; and the two stern, hard-featured women made her shy and timid. More than all, the consciousness that she was acting deceitfully filled her with misery. She rejoiced, therefore, when it was time to retire to her own room, although only for the satisfaction of indulging her grief, and sobbing herself to sleep.

Dorothy's chief perplexity was about the

Miss Crewdsons. She felt she had the courage to kill Josiah's hopes and crush his dearest wish; but how could she face *Jemima* and *Kezia*, after they knew she did not intend to marry their brother? Yet what was to be done? She could not stay a week there deceiving everybody. No, it would be better to have it over as soon as possible, and then go to Aunt *Abigail's* at York. There she had fixed her longing hope of meeting Charles Verschoyle once more — only once. Dorothy was too young and unworldly to have any doubt of the man who knew that he had her heart in his keeping. If it were not for those dreadful sisters she would tell Josiah the very next day. But how would they take it? what might they not do to her?

It was a pity that Dorothy could not have overheard the opinions which at that very time the sisters were exchanging with each other on their brother's choice. Her appearance they regarded with pious horror. She was a child, a baby-faced doll; and they charitably inferred that if she *had* any sense, she took care that nobody should give her credit for it. They quoted the Proverbs of Solomon so freely concerning her, that had any one overheard them he would have felt dubious as to Dorothy's moral character. Finally, they agreed in declaring that they would not leave a stone unturned to prevent the entrance into the Crewdson family of such a lackadaisical creature.

Next day, when Josiah had left, *Jemima* began to speak about Dorothy's dress. She said they were surprised to find that Dorothy had departed from that plainness of apparel which it so much became Friends to adhere to. Surely her parents could not approve of it. When Dorothy said she had her parents' sanction, both the sisters elevated their eyebrows with an air of incredulity and astonishment. With no little emphasis, they said that such vanity would not be permitted in their brother's wife. *She* must be consistent, and wear a cap and bonnet suited to women whose aims were higher than the adornment of a miserable body which worms would soon destroy.

Dorothy was silent. Only in this way could she keep down the tears which threatened to come in a torrent. At another time her spirit would have been roused, and she would have done battle bravely with the Miss Crewdsons for presuming to lecture her for doing what she had her parents' authority to do. But "conscience makes cowards of us all,"

and Dorothy knew she was acting wrongly. She felt she should never have placed herself in this position. She could not defend herself without speaking of a decision which, until Josiah knew it, she had no right to mention to any of his family.

Josiah was to return at five, and Dorothy thought that hour would never come. About three the sisters proposed to take her with them to visit the sick and poor. They said it was their day for ministering to the wants of their district. Dorothy, however, plucked up courage to refuse. This gave rise to many remarks on her want of charity and slothfulness. But the clock warned them that unless they went off speedily, they could not return by the time Josiah would be home, and they left her. She was not long by herself, for the thought of Dorothy being at home to welcome him had given such impetus to Josiah's usually slow and methodical movements, that his business was over by three o'clock. Before another hour had elapsed he was in his own dining-room, anxiously inquiring of Dorothy the cause of her tearful eyes and weary looks.

"Indeed, it is nothing," she answered, with quivering mouth; for even *his* tenderness touched her now. For a moment there was silence, then with a sudden effort she said—

"Josiah, I want to speak to thee very seriously. If we may be disturbed here, take me somewhere else."

A sickly fear crept over Josiah. "She does not like Jemima and Kezia," he thought to himself, "and she is going to tell me that she cannot marry me."

"Come into the garden, Dorothy; there is a summer-house there nobody ever goes to." On the way he said to her, "You mustn't mind sisters; they have not ways like thine. But then thou needst not see them often, and I would take care they should never worry thee."

Dorothy did not answer.

"It would be quite different," he continued. "Here they are the mistresses, and they feel as if everything belonged to them. But when ~~they~~ only came as visitors it wouldn't be so, or if they were cross and cranky thou needst not mind them. Oh! Dorothy, don't let them make any difference about me."

Still she did not say a word until they reached the square formal summer-house, with the bench along its sides, and the round table in the middle. When they were seated, she said,—

"Josiah, I am going to tell thee something

which will make thee think very poorly of me."

"No, Dorothy," said Josiah, with a shake of his head, "nothing can make me think poorly of thee."

"Thou knowest," she continued, "that I like thee very much indeed. From the first time I saw thee I thought thee very good and kind, but I——" and here she paused.

"Do not love me," he said, finishing the sentence. "I know that. I don't expect it to come all at once. Sometimes I fear that thou wilt find it impossible, I am so awkward and stupid: but, Dorothy, thou saidst thou wouldst try."

"Yes, I did; but, Josiah,"—and she leaned her arms on the table that she might cover her face with her hands,— "I cannot even try now."

There was silence for several minutes, and then Josiah said in a husky voice, "I ought to have known it. An uncouth fellow, not able even to tell thee what I feel—what else could I expect from thee?"

"This thou might have expected," said Dorothy, looking at him fixedly, "that having given thee and my father my word that I would try, I should have avoided all temptation that might lead me to break that word. When I felt that I could never do as thou wished, I should have told thee, and not acted deceitfully by coming here among thee and thy relations."

"Are sisters making thee decide thus? Thou hadst not made up thy mind before thou came here?"

"Yes, I had."

Josiah's face seemed to become suddenly sharp and old. Taking hold of her arm in his newly-awakened fear, he said, "Dorothy!—Dorothy! it isn't somebody else?"

She gave him no answer.

"Oh!" he groaned, resting his face upon the table, "I didn't think of that,—I didn't think of that."

"Josiah, don't give way like that," exclaimed Dorothy, surprised and alarmed at the sight of his misery. "Oh! what shall I do?" she continued, as her tears fell thick and fast upon his hands.

Josiah immediately tried to recover himself. "I shall be all right in a minute," he said. "Thou must not mind me—only it came on me so sudden."

"Josiah, if I could only tell thee how sorry I am to grieve thee! I—I thought it would disappoint thee, but I did not know it would pain thee like this."

"Didst thou not?" he said, trying to smile. "Ah! I have been a sad bungler, Dorothy. My love for thee made me dumb

when I most wanted to speak to thee. Does thy father know of this?"

"Father! Oh no!"

"But thou wilt tell him soon?"

Dorothy looked down as she answered slowly, — "I do not think I shall. I — I do — not intend to marry anybody else."

"Not — marry — any one — else," repeated Josiah in amazement. "Then have I misunderstood thee? Thou wouldst not willingly give me pain, I know, — but, please — Dorothy — tell me the truth at once. Dost thou love some one, not only better than me — but so well as to prevent thee from ever becoming my wife?"

Dorothy hesitated, but seeing his anxious face, she answered, — "Yes; but, Josiah, oh! do listen. It is some one whom my principles forbid me to marry. I may never see him again, and if I do, I shall part with him for ever;" and at the thought Dorothy's firmness gave way, and she sobbed aloud.

Josiah did not ask the name of his rival, but he rightly guessed who he was. Forgetting his own troubles, however, he now tried to soothe and comfort Dorothy.

Thinking that she would feel more happy away from his family, he suggested, and she agreed, that it would be better for her to go to Aunt Abigail as soon as she could. Not the next day perhaps, because Aunt Abigail was still at Malton, but the day after. Her aunt would then be at home and aware of her movements. Jemima and Kezia were to be told nothing until after Dorothy's departure, so that they might not tease and worry her with their cutting remarks.

It was now considerably past five o'clock, and they prepared to return to the house.

"Josiah, say that thou forgivest me," said Dorothy.

"With all my heart."

"And that thou wilt try to forget me?"

"Never, — I shall always love thee, Dorothy. Thou wouldst not wish to deprive me of that comfort?"

"No," said Dorothy; and she felt, for the first time, that if she had never seen Charles Verschoyle, it would not have been quite impossible for her to have cared for Josiah Crewdson.

A LEGAL VIEW OF REVOLUTION. — THE acts of a *de facto* Government are valid, whether it be or be not a *de jure* Government. We do not, therefore, remarks the *Law Journal*, apprehend that the sudden revolution in France will lead to any practical difficulties. Yet the position of the Republic is exceptional, and from a legal point of view peculiar. A very few months ago 7,500,000 Frenchmen voted for the empire. The Corps Legislatif was elected according to the law of the Constitution. It is yet acknowledged by the Provisional Government, as M. Rochefort is appointed a member of the Defence Committee because he is a deputy. The Chamber was Imperial by an overwhelming majority. We now find that an insignificant minority has proclaimed a Republic and set up a Provisional Government. Probably the Republic will be accepted by the country, but we have no assurance that the opinions of the 7,500,000 who voted for the Empire are changed; and further, there is a protest of the majority of the Corps Legislatif against the republican *coup-d'état*. At present the *de jure* Government of France is the Emperor, and will continue so until the Republic has been accepted by a popular vote. Can we say for the moment that the Provisional Government is the *de facto* Government of France? Are we right in assuming that twenty politicians in Paris have rescinded the vote of

7,500,000 Frenchmen? The Provisional Government ought to give foreign Governments some assurance that they are a *de facto* Government. We shall be told that the state of warfare prevents an immediate appeal to the country. But what did not prevent the turning out of the Imperial Government should not hinder the legal establishment of the new Government. At present a lawyer would rather hesitate to advise that legally the French Government is either a *de jure* or a *de facto* Government.

PROFESSOR ORTON does not give a very encouraging account of the intellectual condition of Ecuador. He says: — "Ecuador boasts one university and eleven colleges, yet the people are not educated. Literature, science, philosophy, law, and medicine, are only names: there is not a single bookstore in the city of Quito, and there are only four newspapers published in the whole of the Republic. In the schools the pupils study in concert aloud, Arab fashion." Yet Professor Orton adds that Chili has thought it worth her while lately to sign a convention with Ecuador "for an exchange of literary productions!"

Nature.

From The Fortnightly Review.
POLITICAL REPUTATIONS.

IN one of the numerous tributes to the worth of the late Lord Clarendon which writers of every party have combined to render, it was said that "few ministers can expect the posthumous fame which has sometimes been won too cheaply in former generations." This statement is made in anticipation of the verdict of posterity, who are likely, it is supposed, to accord to the memory of Lord Clarendon a less distinguished estimate than his solid services and great industry would have commanded fifty years ago. We have no intention of discussing either the past services or the future reputation of Lord Clarendon. But the theory which seems to rest a statesman's title to fame upon the practical work which he has accomplished, is suggestive of some interesting reflections, especially at a time when English ministers are so much before the public eye, and are so engrossed in legislative work as they are required to be at the present day.

It is a poor compliment, if not a mark of ingratitude, to the many able and meritorious politicians to whom England is indebted for the social and political progress of the last century, to say that it is not by services of this nature that the highest reputations have been won. Yet that is really the truth. It is surely a very striking circumstance that since the accession of the House of Hanover those statesmen who have made the deepest mark on their own generation, and have attracted most strongly the sympathies of succeeding ones, have not, as a rule, been men with whom the memory of great legislative measures is associated. The fame of Sir Robert Walpole is as fresh as it was a hundred years ago; yet what measure of consequence was passed during the whole of his long administration? Not one. Nor was this because no reforms were asked for, nor because public men in general were disinclined to take them up. When Lord Stanhope died in 1721, he had in preparation a measure for the relief of Roman Catholics, and he had previously introduced one for the relief of Protestant Dissenters. The Peerage Bill which had failed in 1719 was to have been revived in a less odious form; officers in the army were to be exempted from dismissal by the Crown except after trial by court-martial; and other measures of considerable practical importance were under consideration at the time, which at Walpole's accession to power were all quietly dropped, though having been in Stanhope's ministry he must have given an implied consent to them. Whether if Lord Stanhope

had lived and carried all or any of these measures he would have enjoyed the reputation of Walpole, is another question, and one we suppose which few would answer in the affirmative. But our present point is that Walpole did gain a high and enduring reputation as a great statesman and a valuable public servant without troubling himself at all about legislative work; without leaving behind him a single first-class measure which bears his name. His fame is founded on his character. All the anecdotes of him that have been handed down to us are full of character. *Nil te quasivimus extra* was eminently applicable to him as to others of the same stamp. His influence upon the minds of all around him had not to be acquired by the tedious process of proving to them his legislative abilities. It was simply the moral ascendancy of a strong character, with which neither the finest intellect nor most spotless integrity by themselves can cope in the long run. He stands out as one of the most memorable figures in English history; and in one sense he did nothing.

Let us go on to the next great name upon the list, Lord Chatham. Of course it will be said that he conducted the Seven Years' War, and can we call that nothing? Certainly not. But the glorious results of that war were due much less to Chatham's practical ability, than to the influence of his character upon the military and naval services. Lord Macaulay "cannot discern in his arrangements any appearance of profound or dexterous combinations." His expeditions against the French coast, says the critic, were "costly and absurd." All that Lord Stanhope can say in reply to the objections which have been urged against his scheme for the capture of Quebec, is that "it is easy to cavil." But it is difficult to refute the force of them; or to help believing that it was to the genius of Wolfe much more than to the skill of Pitt that England was indebted for escaping a great disaster. After the conclusion of the war Pitt's career was certainly not one of legislative industry or even of administrative usefulness. He not only did nothing himself, but was the cause of doing nothing in others. The secret of his power then lay in the man himself. From such characters as these no proof of their right to govern is required. They are accepted without question; and may do, or leave undone, exactly as much as they please.

His son seems to have been the one man in modern times who, with the extraordinary force of character which distinguished Walpole and Lord Chatham, combined great

legislative industry. That he had chances which other men had not, may be true. But that is nothing to the present purpose. The men who had not the chances succeeded in making an equally profound impression on the public mind, and have established as firm a hold upon the admiration of future ages. Take Fox. Is it in virtue of his eloquence that his name is imperishable? Men scarcely, if at all, second to him as orators are now known only to the students of Parliamentary history. Is it in virtue of his reckless prodigality, and the intrepid extravagance which created such social sensations? Neither the one nor the other explains the quality of his reputation. The vivid idiosyncrasy of the man explains it all. Take again Pitt's favourite pupil, Mr. Canning. He is only known as Mr. Canning. A certain number of persons, no doubt, have a vague idea of his having called a new world into existence. But only a few know what the expression means; and of those few scarce a third admire him for using it. He is likewise understood at one period of his life "to have sent a British fleet to the Tagus." But that with the nation at large is a mere phrase. There are no distinct measures which are spoken of directly as his own. We have no Canning Emancipation Act, or Canning Union Act, or Canning Ecclesiastical Commission, or Canning Parliamentary Reform Bill. His fame was won, not by his offspring, but by himself. Subtracting from him everything that clusters round him in the shape of actual deeds, we have the individual left distinct from and independent of them all. Now some men have no kernel. They are, so to speak, all shell. Some ministers have no self. They are all measures. And a mistake to which people at the present day are peculiarly prone, is to estimate the former by the latter. Do any of the great men we have mentioned deserve to have it said of them that their reputation was won too cheaply? We don't suppose that any one of them was a man of such remarkable application as Lord Clarendon. But consider their influence over other people. Is not this the truest sign of greatness?

The last man upon our list is almost a perfect illustration of our theory. What could have induced a Prime Minister of England to offer an important cabinet office, requiring great knowledge of business, to a young man of three-and-twenty, who had neither wealth, rank, nor family connections to support him? Yet such was the offer made by Mr. Perceval to Lord Palmerston at a moment of considerable

difficulty, when he was seeking to fortify the front bench by every means at his command. Lord Palmerston was never an idle man. On the contrary, he was fond of work. But up to that time he had enjoyed no opportunity of demonstrating his capacity. And it must have been from reports as to what manner of man he was that Mr. Perceval derived his conclusions. And now, what was Lord Palmerston's career? How did he justify that confidence which the whole nation eventually reposed in him; which no errors of judgment nor mistakes in manner could disturb, and which has perhaps never been equalled since the days of the two Pitts? Was it by the wisdom of his measures? Was it by a long life devoted to the removal of abuses, the mitigation of oppressive laws, the relief of a neglected population, and the improvement of his countrymen in general? Such questions can only raise a smile in connection with the name of Palmerston. Was it the stainless honour and disinterested devotion of Lord Rockingham? was it the scornful magnanimity of Pitt, that won for him the homage of a nation? Of the political morality of Lord Palmerston the best that can be said is, that it was not below the average. His magnanimity was about upon a par with it. It was not, therefore, by force of either his moral virtues or his legislative ability that he won the high place among English statesmen which he occupied at his death, and which, in our judgment at least, he will long continue to occupy. It was pre-eminently, in his case, by the force of character alone that he rose without an effort over the heads of statesmen who had long been his official superiors. When the nation was perplexed it fell into the arms of the man who showed this predominating quality. We yield to no one in appreciation of the late Lord Derby, and had he, in addition to his many other brilliant gifts, possessed this one essential quality, he would have been the most renowned politician of his time. But *force* of character is exactly what he had not. He was unequal to the occasion. And the man who had it, inferior as he was in many other important qualifications, stepped into the place without a struggle. And how did he keep it when he had got it? It has been the fashion to compliment Lord Palmerston on his extraordinary astuteness, his knowledge of the House, and his skill in the management of parties. We don't mean to say that these compliments were wholly undeserved. But they have been carried a great deal too far. These qualities did not

save him from committing gross blunders, from giving great offence to members of his own party, and from provoking against himself three hostile coalitions. The foreign policy of his Cabinet is a byword. Its domestic policy was a blank. The budgets of Mr. Gladstone were the sole sign of vitality which this popular administration exhibited. On what, then, did it rest? On that one all-sufficient foundation which we have been throughout insisting on — the foundation on which repose the reputations of Walpole, Chatham, Fox, and Canning — the character of the individual.

It will be replied, of course, that all these men were celebrated foreign ministers, that a province comparatively withdrawn from the public gaze was the theatre of their greatness, and that in their despatches and correspondence we must look for their political achievements, their reform bills, their free-trade bills, their emancipation acts. Walpole, however, enjoys no particular distinction as a foreign minister, and even if he did it would be only putting our original proposition in another shape. For what was it gave their whole influence to the documents in question? Was it a profound acquaintance with continental affairs, personal knowledge of all the leading statesmen in Europe, exceptional sagacity in foreseeing the course of events? If we look for the men who possessed these qualifications we shall not find them in the front rank of statesmen. Lord Chesterfield, Lord Shelburn, Lord Castlereagh, might boast of them. But not Walpole, not Chatham, not Canning, not to anything like the same extent, Lord Palmerston. Their influence has still to be traced back to the same spring, their character, which infused a meaning into all they wrote, incommunicable by mere intellectual cleverness, or practical experience, or even inflexible resolution. Without character the first wants weight, the second spirit, and the third nobility. Their power was the simple triumph of the *abnormis sapientia*, the congenital moral superiority, which marks the great man as distinct from the merely able one. But now we come to a still more important consideration. Not only were the statesmen we have mentioned something more than foreign ministers, but their administration of foreign affairs was not, with one exception, their chief passport to fame. We must not confound a war minister with a foreign minister. Chatham's reputation rests, as far as it rests upon any active part which he played in the government of the country, on his successful conduct of a great war, and we have seen to

what he owed his success. Of his diplomatic talents the nation has heard but little. The personal superiority of Canning which *obliged* him to be Prime Minister is what strikes one more in looking back on his career, than all his dispatches to the monarchs. And as for Lord Palmerston, it may almost be said that the full bloom of his popularity only came when he left the Foreign Office. It was during the ten years that succeeded the fall of the coalition, that the reputation of Lord Palmerston took its final shape and magnitude. He had been greatly admired previously, but he had not been equally trusted. His energy was thought to border on officiousness, his vivacity on futility. If we were "all proud of him," some of us were certainly suspicious of him. But when he settled, so to speak, and formed a cabinet of his own, he speedily became the object of unbounded confidence. The reputation of Lord Palmerston as Premier, was not only greater in degree, but different in kind from, his reputation as foreign minister. And it is the former reputation that will live, instinct with a meaning of its own. The last ten years of his life, during which he did nothing, will weigh more with posterity than the whole three score and ten during a great part of which he was so active.

Let us now look to another class of statesmen, whose reputation depends more on what they did than on what they were. Lord Grey is the Reform Bill. That is what he is. To the popular mind he is nothing more. He carried one of the greatest measures of modern times. He powerfully contributed to others of hardly less importance. And yet where is he? If you mention Lord Grey to a commercial traveller, the man immediately thinks of Gatton and Old Sarum, and the bloated aristocrat who threatened to return his black footman to the House of Commons. If you mentioned Mr. Canning or Mr. Fox he would say, "Ah, wonderful men, sir, wonderful men!" He would remember them for themselves. Take, again, a name that we are sure no Englishman would wish to mention without sincere respect, Sir Robert Peel. His reputation belongs to the same genus as Lord Grey's. Peel is the Bank Act, the Emancipation Act, the Ecclesiastical Commission, the Income Tax, Maynooth, and Free Trade, an accumulation of measures under which the individual is lost. Nobody, certainly, except perhaps his personal friends, remembers in him that distinct individuality which clothes the memory of the other great statesmen we have mentioned. The man is forgotten in his works. We are not now

arguing the justice or the injustice of posterity. We simply assert what we believe to be the fact. And we must not be understood to mean that force of character and legislative industry are incompatible with each other. We have brilliant exceptions which prove the contrary. All we say is that the second does not prove the first, and that it is the first and not the second which is the surest recommendation to posterity; where character and measures go together, the measures of course will bear the impress of the character. But there is nothing racy of the individual in anything that Peel did, unless perhaps it was his manner of doing it. He will certainly fill a smaller space in history than Mr. Canning, though he did so much more. And we should say a smaller space than Mr. Gladstone, though Mr. Gladstone is sometimes called his pupil.

Having mentioned Mr. Gladstone, we may be allowed, perhaps, to mention others still living, the contrast between whom is an excellent confirmation of our theory — Earl Russell and Mr. Disraeli. Which of these two will hereafter be thought the greater man? They represent the claims of practical utility and personal character even better than Palmerston and Peel. Mr. Disraeli, indeed, has left his name on one great measure of transcendent political importance, which is more than Lord Palmerston has done — and he may yet leave his name on more. His final position, therefore, cannot as yet be ascertained, any more than Mr. Gladstone's. But if his political career were to close at this moment, it is certainly rather on the superlative influence of his character, than on measures of practical utility that his posthumous reputation would depend. May we not say of Lord Russell that with him it would be exactly the reverse? Will not his reputation be the same in kind as Sir Robert Peel's, though possibly superior in degree? He will be remembered as the consistent advocate and successful designer of numerous invaluable reforms, and likewise as a man not devoid of individual character. But the last is not marked enough to raise him into the higher rank, which we have assigned to statesmen, as we think, of a different calibre. And we may here perhaps remind our readers that we have been speaking throughout of fame rather than of merit. The most famous men have not always been the most serviceable, either to their friends or to their country; and the

converse proposition is true. The quiet, unobtrusive services of a man like Lord Clarendon may have wrought far more good than the personal force of a Chatham or a Palmerston. The long course of corrective legislation which, beginning soon after the peace, was transmitted through the hands of Grey, Russell, and Peel into those which are still carrying it forward, may entitle its successive managers to a larger share of posthumous gratitude than is rightly due to Walpole or Canning. That is not the question. The question is, Has more consideration been given to men of this latter stamp than is their due, taking human nature as it is? Has their reputation been won too cheaply? Our answer is, No. The force of personal character exercises so powerful an influence over all with whom it comes in contact that, like the dint of a cannon-ball, the marks of it survive for centuries. It may be barren; it may be destructive; or it may be eminently fruitful and healthy. But it cannot be forgotten. *Quantum instar in ipso est.* To complain of this is to complain that we are constituted as we are. We are formed to admire greatness in this shape; and to think it greater than in other shapes. And no doubt the chief reason is, that the man who has no force of character does not understand what it is that subdues him in the presence of one who has. And impressions which are made on the imagination are, of course, deeper and more permanent than those which are made on the understanding. The Emperor Nicholas said that Sir Robert Peel would be the Walpole of the nineteenth century. The remark showed more knowledge of the two epochs than it did of the two men. No doubt in 1840, as in 1720, the English people were prepared to welcome a statesman who, after a long period of political excitement, should give them repose and prosperity. And had Peel possessed Walpole's character he might have played a similar part, and have abolished the corn laws, without breaking up his party. But he had not. He had no faith in his own personal influence. And this was fatal to him. He may deserve more pure approbation for the act of self-sacrifice which he consummated, than he would have done had he, by dint of personal ascendancy, drawn the country gentlemen after him, even as Orpheus drew the oaks. But it does not show the same degree of power. And it is that which mortals worship.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE DOMINIE'S SONS.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

CURTIUS.

ANDREW and David Auchinleck, sons of the parish schoolmaster of Auldacres, were about to keep their terms at Oxford. This result was the consequence of Scotch ambition and love of learning. The dominie and his wife had both devoted themselves to the task. There had been something pathetic in the spectacle of the couple, in the middle of the birchwood and druggot of their little parlour, sticking fast to their resolution. The dominie had no fancy for shop after shop hours, yet he denied himself his uninterrupted perusal of his penny papers or his "daunder" with his pipe to look at his bees, that he might sit in readiness to help the laddies with an obscure case or an involved construction. Mrs. Auchinleck closed her mouth tightly on her tit-bits of gossip, and nodded dumbly over her knitting needles, sooner than break the thread of Andrew and David's studies. Whatever had been grudged in the thrifty household, nothing had been spared on its sons' education. Andrew and David, two gaunt, uncouth students with fine talents, had shown themselves worthy of the lengthened sacrifice, had worked at home and at college and won bursaries and "grants," which had enabled them to aspire to the goal of young Scotland's ambition, Oxford or Cambridge.

So proposed the Auchinlecks, but not so disposed the Ruler of strong men. The week before the young men were to leave for Oxford the schoolmaster was seized with a sudden illness, and within twenty-four hours it was unmistakably evident, even without the doctor's confirmation, that though the final stroke might be delayed, the sick man would never return to the active duties of his calling.

Dumb consternation fell on the schoolhouse of Auldacres at the doctor's sentence. Mrs. Auchinleck was the first who broke the startled, dismal silence. She spoke querulously in her despair. "You'll no leave us, you twa callants. Your father yonder has laid out on your learning every penny he might ha'e put by. Now ane o' you maun take his place; ane o' you, gin it be na baith o' you, maun bide at hame—a' maun be keepit now for drugs and dainties. You're gude lads, you'll not grudge it to your father, who grudged nocht to you, but scrimped himsell that you micht rise in the

world. In saying that, mind, I'm far from saying that you havena done his wull and gladdened his heart. A proud and a pleased man you've made him mony a day, and you've your mither's thanks for 't. But bear wi' me, laddies, for I'm torn and wached in my mind, and still a' that I can see is, that ane o' you maun bide at hame and take the maister's place, and we may do weel enough yet."

It was but a day or two before that the mother had explained with some heat to her chief friend Mrs. Rymer, the widow of a minister, too poor and of too humble extraction to be raised above a schoolmaster's wife, that to be a tutor or a master at the great University of Oxford was entirely another thing from being a tutor in the best laird's or lord's family in Scotland, such as Mr. Rymer had been in his day, or from being master—not to say of Auldacres school, but of the biggest town academy. It was more like being a laird or lord himself, Mrs. Auchinleck had declared, and then had gone on to illustrate her text. "They wear gowns, woman," Mrs. Auchinleck had proceeded, "no like the duds o' some o' our student lads, but ministers' gowns wi' leddies' coloured hudes hingin down their backs. I'm no thinking that my lads wi' like them sair, for they dinna affect fine claitthes, at least no Andrew; Davie has mair o' a turn that way; but they maun be neebour-like. The worst thing is that meddling folk may pretend that sic dress has mair to do wi' prelacy even than the minister's lailac gloves up by, but since we've no thocht the now o' our lads taking orders as they ca't, or having ony thing to do wi' the English kirk (though wi' their abilities they micht weel win to be bishops gin they cared, or gin it was ategither becoming in Scotchmen and a maister's sons), the gowns and the hudes are just a set aff to the outward man."

For her own part Mrs. Auchinleck would still have stitched her fingers to the bone and lived on oatmeal and water that Andrew and David might have their fine chance; but conjugal love and fidelity bade her forget everything but what would lighten her husband's trial. Her two sons did not blame their mother, but thought silently which of the two was to be the giver, what was to be the extent of the gift.

David, who had been going restlessly out and in all day, now accompanied Andrew as if for a brotherly consultation; but after a few casual, half-idle words on the state of the weather, as well as on their father's state, he strolled away along the road and through the bare fields, leaving his brother.

Andrew went no farther than the foot of the little garden and sat down on the wall in a familiar half boyish attitude to think over what had befallen him, and to make up his mind what he should do. But the first thing Andrew did was to look about him and to take in half inadvertently but with a kind of morbid vividness every well-known feature of the scene. The chief feature was their shabby, narrow, two-storeyed house, the two stereotyped windows below and the two above on each side of the door answering to the kitchen and the parlour, the room which Andrew shared with David, and his father and mother's room with its window unwontedly shaded long before sundown. A few yards apart from the unadorned dwelling was the even barer and more soiled and battered school-room.

Across the road appeared the comparatively sheltered and ornate manse and kirk, which had drifted apart in the social scale during a century and more from their old allies the school and schoolmaster's house. There flourished the dazzling drawing-room, in which Andrew and David Auchinleck had been entertained as exemplary lads who did the parish credit, by the minister, a slim man, with a face bearing a resemblance to that of a skull. The minister's wife, Mrs. Templeton, retained the well-preserved remains of a fair-haired, blue-eyed beauty, and was scrupulously in the fashion. The minister's youngest son, Cosmo Templeton, was like his father, with more flesh on his face as yet. He had been sent away and educated at an English private school, and had been successful in getting a Government appointment. The minister's daughters were like their mother, but with less pretensions to beauty than she had possessed. They were the single specimens of elegant girlhood that had come into close contact with the Auchinleck lads, for their old playfellow Cecy Rymer, in her faded patched frocks and highly unfashionable straw hats, would not bear that definition. The whole *dramatis personæ* of the manse passed before Andrew as he sat there. He heard once more Mr. Templeton's mangled quotations from Homer and Virgil, got up for the benefit of Andrew and David, at which the two scholarly young prigs had laughed sardonically in their sleeves. He received anew Cosmo's off-hand, exultant account of his satisfactory examination, which had impressed Andrew and David with the cool conviction that they could have met and surmounted it with ease any day. All the same it had been a fact that they could not meet and answer, without supreme mortification at their clownish

slowness, Mrs. Templeton's light but not unkindly, condescending speeches (for she too was the proud mother of a successful son) and the still airier flights, for the purpose of interesting and amusing the clever louts, on the part of the young ladies. There had been no fault to find with the minister's wife and daughters in their passing intercourse with the dominie's sons, unless that Mrs. Templeton might have been too suave, and the Misses Templeton too affable. The girls in their pretty fearlessness, graciousness, and gracefulness were dazzling to the youthful hermits, and the manse drawing-room a kind of half-pleasing purgatory to the shy, proud brothers.

Over the whole of these near objects, with their swift, deadly-lively suggestions, as well as over the dimmer, vaguer, more remote features of the landscape, the scarcely broken stubble and turnip fields, merging into the shoreless waves of the moor, "casting up," as yet, no purple flush on its sombre surface, there brooded an unrelieved pale, misty autumn sky. It was one of those skies in which there is neither clear light nor darkness, below which gossamers with their clinging haze wrap and veil every branch and leaf.

Andrew gazed about him mechanically, till there rose before him in a flash, with a pang of comparison, the stately pile upon pile of noble college and hall, such as they had appeared when he and David paid them a passing, charmed visit to enter their names on the lists of students. Fleeting as had been Andrew Auchinleck's experience of Oxford — the Christ-church meadows, the Isis, the cloisters of St. John's, the towers of Merton, the dome of the Radcliffe, the galleries of the Bodleian Library, returned to him as if he had seen them but yesterday. With these there came keen expectations of learned leisure, improving companionship, rivalries and rewards, which would open to the aspirants courses not unworthy of such training, clothing them with the simple dignity and fine freemasonry of gentlemen.

If either Andrew or David Auchinleck resigned Oxford for the present and took Auldacres parish school instead, neither of them had any hope of recalling their decision and reaching the university at a more distant date. It could not be. It would be impossible for the brothers to recover the lapsed bursaries and grants which would have enabled them at present to keep their terms.

As Andrew sat there pondering on the garden wall, David returned from his stroll.

David betrayed more traces of disorder and vexation than Andrew.

It was with heat and passion stirring every feature of his long-lipped, wide-nostriled, drooping-eyebrowed face that David directly addressed Andrew on the question.

"I don't mean to blame my mother, Andrew. Of course she is to be pitied next to my father, but this proposal that one of us should throw up our long-formed plans and take the school is unreasonable. Think of the waste it would be of all we have done. Of course a person must be found to fill my father's place."

"No, Davie; even if we could find such a person," denied Andrew positively, "my father has not retained the means to pay him, and neither you nor I could ensure it. For that matter you are well aware," continued poor Andrew, in a dry and surly protest, "that in any case we should have had to scrape and pinch, and it would have been a close shave for us to keep our terms at Oxford. Then if we proposed a third party there would most likely be bother from the Presbytery, jealous of its privileges, but I don't think there would be any objection to one of us filling my father's office."

As Andrew said this with a tremendous effort at stolid common sense and stony indifference, there rose up before his mental eyes Auldacres parish school on a summer or a winter day. He heard the dull drone of peasant children painfully climbing the first steps to knowledge in their tattered, scrawled-over "first" and "second books," and the murder of syntax and pronunciation in the scant and rude fifth form. He fancied himself seated in the master's uneasy wooden chair at the common deal desk, over-looking the long hacked and blotted desk of the writing scholars. While in sharp and glowing contrast rose in his mental vision the historical and aristocratic common rooms, lecture rooms, chapels rich in carved oak and stained glass, infinitely richer in their memories, where great English statesmen, lawyers, ecclesiastics were nurtured, with their crowd of polished—for the most part pleasant, even in their exclusiveness and idle dissipation—gentlemen commoners, and their dons, courteous in their severest curtness. There met and mingled the wonderful companies of gifted men; there waged vigorous and subtle intellectual contests; there shone the pure glory of scholarly "honours."

"I dare say not," burst out David Auchinleck, indignantly, in answer to Andrew's dogged statement that the presbytery to which Auldacres, with its kirk and school, belonged, would not object to him

or his brother in the room of their father superannuated. "It is easy for you to speak, Andrew; no doubt you are the eldest and you claim the right of choice, but think what you are dooming me to, how you are blasting my prospects. By Heaven I cannot do it!" and the lad broke off in a quivering frenzy of despair.

"Hold on," growled Andrew, with a man's growl, in reply to what sounded like a woman's cry, "I mean to stay and take the school."

David stepped back, calmed down in an instant. It was some seconds more till he recovered voice to exclaim and argue, and till the colour which had retreated from his cheeks, leaving them blank and white at the immense relief and yet the great rebuke of his brother's announcement, returned to his face.

"Are you serious, Andrew? Do you really intend it? Have you thought what it will cost you?" and he pressed up to his brother with greater freedom and closer attachment than the two young men, stiff and almost frigid in their intercourse, and each full of his own difficulties and aims, had lately expressed.

"What is the use of thinking?" protested Andrew, gruffly, leaping down from the wall and walking towards the house. "There is no other way if one of us is still to go to Oxford."

But it might have been so arranged that neither of the Auchinlecks should have gone to Oxford then or afterwards. They might both have continued at one of the Scotch universities, where students of slender means could have lived more cheaply, where clever steady young men already known could have got teaching at once, and spared money either to have paid a competent assistant for their father, or in case of his retiring to have supplemented his retiring pittance, and maintained him and their mother. There Andrew and David could still have qualified themselves for a less ambitious future indeed, but for gentlemen's professions. There was that third resource, and it had occurred to Andrew; though it is bare justice to state that in the excitement and confusion of David's mind it did not suggest itself to him till Andrew had already dismissed this last alternative with the short conclusion, "I'll stay. If one of us may make a spoon or spoil a horn at Oxford, it would be a pity he should not have the opportunity."

"You are the finest fellow in the world, Andrew," exclaimed David, incoherent in his agitation. "None can tell so well as I what you are doing."

"Never mind," said Andrew, more as if he were aggrieved and annoyed than gratified by his brother's praise, "I am the elder son, as you said," he added, with a touch of bitter irony, which brought David a little more to his senses.

"I ought not to allow the sacrifice," David began, with his colour coming and going. "If I thought I could stand the reverse—"

"No, you could not, Davie," Andrew put his brother down summarily, squaring his own shoulders, "it will take me to do it. And now, if you like, I'd rather say no more about it."

CHAPTER II.

A LAMMAS LILY.

Six years later Mrs. Auchinleck sat in the same Auldacres school-house parlour, presiding over the early tea of her son the master, as she had presided over that of her husband the master. The lean, active mother was little altered, though she wore a widow's cap of some years' standing, and when she put it on had mourned keenly. The son was in a measure changed. The ill-balanced, awkward student who had taken his father's school had grown into a blunt, somewhat heavy-looking young man, with a threatening of still greater harshness and heaviness in his indifferent, bulky comeliness.

"Andrew," said Mrs. Auchinleck, "you'll give yourself a brush up for your brother." She did not speak dictatorially, but neither did she speak deferentially. She used the tone employed between equals—in addition, equals who are agreed to differ, and accustomed to have many a friendly dispute and trial of strength together.

"Not I, mother," answered Andrew, glancing carelessly at the sleeve of his shabby school-coat, and speaking in flat contradiction, like a man who had a habit of contradiction in trifles. "If Davie would thank me for making any difference on his account, he is no brother of mine. Besides, you know, I would not put myself about for the Queen coming to Auldacres."

"I do not want to argue with you," announced Mrs. Auchinleck, with some dignity; "I ken what arguing with a man comes to, though your father was a hantle less thrawn and dour than you are, Andrew. But, any way, you'll not go over to Upper Muirend to look after your craps in this weary allotment system, when your brother is expected to arrive on the first visit that has not been a fleeing ane, because of his

reading parties and foreign tours, since your father's death."

"I'm ready to start," declared Andrew, doggedly; "I have working-men to pay and working-women to hire, else I lose the harvest, and I leave you to judge whether I can afford that. If you're not content with giving up your room to Davie, making it so fine that he will not know it again, while you sleep in the kitchen, and if you cannot entertain him yourself for an hour, should he come before eight o'clock, you must just send him across the moor to meet me. He knows the road, and the walk will be fine exercise for him after travelling by railway."

Mrs. Auchinleck fidgeted on her chair and pulled the strings of her white cap; but though she groaned and sniffed a little she said no more. She was aware by experience that mere words would be of no avail here. She was not a foolish woman.

All at once as Andrew was rising leisurely from the table, his mother, looking out of the window, exclaimed emphatically, "If there is not Mrs. Rymer bringing Cecy to see us! When she hears that Davie is coming, she'll never be so senseless as to bide still and be in his way."

"Women never mind being in folk's way; it is my opinion they try to be in it," proclaimed the young master in ungallant impatience, as he had to submit to give up his evening's business for the time.

"Good evening, Mrs. Auchinleck and Mr. Andrew. This is my daughter Cecil, if you please," a voice deprecated with mild boastfulness, as Mrs. Rymer quietly trotted into the Auchinlecks' parlour, ushered by the school-house little maid. Mrs. Rymer was a soft, round little woman in black drapery, with an old-fashioned habit of curtsying like the dipping down of a pigeon. Men never bore malice long against so canny a woman as Mrs. Rymer—a creature who appealed to their protection. But Andrew kept his hands in his pockets, remained standing with his back against the tea table, and contented himself with nodding to his familiar guest, when somebody else came into the room—somebody so completely different, so widely opposed to all the surroundings, that Andrew was fairly startled out of his shell.

Andrew had been soured and hardened into increasing churlishness since, resigning his worldly aim in life, he had thought it best to turn his back on all the pursuits which he had followed for its sake, as well as loved for their own. What would you have? The sight of his books beyond the hackneyed text-books of his father's school

stung and wrung his hidden sensibility; the touch of his mathematical instruments sickened him. Therefore poor Andrew was not able to pay the debt of his sonship and brotherhood without becoming in several lights, spiritually as well as socially, an impoverished man. He had not completed his offering as the heroes of romance complete theirs — with cheerful grace, coming off, after all, with little loss. He had taken refuge as far as he could in what belongs to the bodily man, and developed only too much of the brawny rather than muscular Christian. He had resorted to gardening, of the delving and vegetable rearing kind, to farming, carrying out his operations on a batch of the strips of moorland that an enterprising laird had allotted to agricultural labourers; and he pursued such sports as golf and curling when there was ice on the moorland lochs. Andrew Auchinleck was less chary in bestowing his company on his neighbours of every description than his father and mother had been, though he was not naturally a very social man. His quick-witted, shrewd mother dreaded in her secret soul, with reason, to what coarseness and excess the reactionary license of sociality might lead and betray her son.

It was before such a foiled, restive man, still on this side of the Rubicon, ere he had in his manliness stumbled into the slough of sensuality, and defiled himself with vice; that there appeared in the poor, plain little school-house parlour, not an honest, kindly but half-boydenish Cecy Rymer, but a living, breathing St. Cecilia — a brown-haired, liquid-eyed, Madonna-faced woman, tall and handsome, serenely beautiful and gracious. The effect was in the air, the gait, and the perfect bloom of womanhood. It was not in the uniqueness or expensiveness of the dress; for — except that Cecy's linen gown was fresh and unrepaired, and was made with some amount of quaint, outlandish plaiting and braiding, and that her hat, though it had seen a sea-voyage, looked, by comparison with Cecy's shockingly bad old hats, a bran new silver-grey hat with a silver-grey band — the dress had hardly cost more than that of the old Cecy Rymer.

What had come to Cecy Rymer, who had gone away a round-faced girl, to change her so, in addition to her natural growth? Reports had travelled to Auldacres in Cecy's letters, but they had been so slightly apprehended that nobody, not even her mother, had compassed their full import. The late dominie of Auldacres had designed that Cecy, his favourite girl pupil, should become his female assistant in the school,

since female assistants had come into vogue. When that scheme fell to the ground with Andrew's accession to the post of school-master, a distant relative of the Rymers had sent Cecy to Germany to qualify her for the higher order of governess. "Word" had come back again and again to the Whins of Auldacres that Cecy was doing exceedingly well in foreign class rooms and under strange lime trees, breakfasting off cherries, supping off pear and plum soup, and lying down to rest under an eider down quilt with a cuckoo clock at her elbow sounding her réveillée for morning practice and early lecture.

Cecy had stayed on abroad, first teaching in her academy and then filling a good situation in a private family at salaries which had enabled her to keep her mother "like a queen," as Mrs. Rymer had declared.

Mrs. Rymer had been latterly inclined to cap Mrs. Auchinleck's crowing over her son David, his honours at Oxford and the company he kept there, with tiny crows over her daughter — the rank of the family in which she was established and with which she saw a great deal of the Continental world, the favour that her employers showed Cecy, and the friendly terms which existed between the governess and her grown-up pupils.

"Poor silly, curtsying body," reflected Mrs. Auchinleck in imperious disdain, "to think of speaking of her royd lassie, granting she's tamed now, a mere gouvernante looked down upon by butlers and futmen, housekeepers and leddie's maids, in the same breath wi' our Davie, a Felly o' his college in the society o' the grandest in the land who are proud to be Fellies along with him — our Davie, who might be a member o' Parliament or sic like ony day his sel'! The woman's demented!"

Notwithstanding Mrs. Auchinleck's scornful incredulity, however, the process of "like" drawing to "like" had gone on. To fine, frank, naturally generous natures there is no insuperable difficulty (granted the model is provided) in the growth from a good, ingenuous, bright girl, to a good, considerate, in everything delicate-minded lady.

Now that the work was complete and open to inspection, Andrew Auchinleck's first experience was a mixture of consternation and intense, entire approbation. He instinctively took off the cap which he had put on to go and visit his leased land and its crops, and wished a passing wish for which he would have derided himself had he had time to reflect on its nature, that he had attended to his mother's suggestion,

and given himself "a brush up," though not for the benefit of the college fellow.

Not that Cecy Rymer showed any hostile perception of Andrew's rumpled grey coat with traces of ink on the sleeves, his coloured morning shirt, his faded neck tie, which were not calculated to set off the massive, somewhat statuesque, figure and face of a man who looked old for his years, serious, a little saturnine — truculent, his enemies might call it. Cecy did not appear disposed to be critical on the costume and bearing of her old companion. She seemed inclined to be a vast deal pleasanter and a world less pert than in the days of her non-age. She only looked as if she admired his progress in stature and responsibility, as she advanced, holding out a willing hand to clasp his. "I should have known you anywhere, Mr. Andrew," she said quite eagerly, "though you are become a big man who can keep authority."

"A schoolmaster had need to keep authority — but I should never have known you, Miss Cecy," returned Andrew; yet he grasped her hand, and the relations established between them, difficult man as he was to deal with, were at once friendly relations.

Mrs. Rymer and her daughter did not remain long at the school-house. Mrs. Auchinleck took care to let the elder visitor know the coincidence of the expected arrival of Mrs. Auchinleck's distinguished son. The unobtrusive widow was not only persuaded that the family reunion would be better without the presence of witnesses; she was, whatever Mrs. Auchinleck might think, deeply impressed by the superior distinction of "Davie Auchinleck." Bonnie and sweet, and altogether prettily behaved, like the privileged friend of ladies and gentlemen, as her daughter had come back, filling Mrs. Rymer's heart with pride and gladness, still Davie Auchinleck was far beyond any of them — beyond Mr. Templeton and his son Cosmo, who was home from Canada, for health and a wife. Mrs. Rymer must "mind" to call Davie "Mr. Dauvet," as Cecy had given her the example in saying Mr. to his brother, whom Mrs. Rymer had never thought of calling anything but Andrew. He was the master and had been so for the last half-dozen years, but he had come much about her house as a callant, and though he was gruff to other folk, he had aye had a canny enough word to her. Yet no doubt it was proper that Cecy should say Mr. to Andrew, as everything Cecy did was proper.

While the mother and the daughter did stay, Cecy and Andrew found no want of

words to say to each other. She told him voluntarily that she had just come home on a visit. She was going back to the Thornycrofts. What excellent people they were, and how happy they made her — Cecy — as happy as she could be, save for the separation from her mother! There were old Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft and their three daughters, each of whom had been and one of them still was Cecy's pupil. The family hoped that the Squire would soon get clear of his embarrassments — he was so kind an old man, only too kind — which had condemned them to live abroad for the family's education, so as to enable them to return and live at the Hall in another year at the farthest. That would be nice, for Northumberland was but a step from Auldacres after Germany. Had not she — Cecy — been fortunate?

Andrew shook himself half awake from the sluggish apathy which had possessed his mind while his body was having the pre-eminence, and talked on foreign literature, which he knew passably well, and of foreign places, with which, though he had never seen them, he was familiar by reflected light, until, before Cecy left, he had gone so far as to accept the loan of a new German book of note from her, and to vouchsafe a half promise that he would rub up his German and read it. Andrew had not done so much since he had been school-master of Auldacres.

"That lassie of Mrs. Rymer's is no that braw," commented Mrs. Auchinleck, in a puzzled but candid tone to Andrew, "yet somehow she is turned into a leddy, as fair a leddy as Miss Templeton or Miss Maye. Will Cecy Rymer no be unco out o' place now at the Whins?"

"Are ladies ever out of place?" counter-questioned Andrew. "I thought it was their mission to walk up hill and down dale, refining if not reforming the world. Did you feel Cecy Rymer out of place the few moments she was here?"

"This is a fell different place," Mrs. Auchinleck took up the cudgels indignantly. "A scule-house is surely no like a widow woman's little better than cot-house, though Cecy has paid the wage of a servant to her mother this twa year come Martinmas. Cecy has been a dutiful dachter, I do not deny that. But the humblest scule-house, be it attached to a charity or a free, not to say a richt auld parish scule, is the next thing to a seat o' learning. The time was," Mrs. Auchinleck continued, with an ostentatious flourish, "as your father often telled me, that it rankit with the manse in a parish."

"The time has gone by, then," corrected Andrew, with a man's provoking composure.

"May be," acknowledged Mrs. Auchinleck, impatiently; "but, my word," she continued, swelling into wrath, "the place that is going to welcome Davie Auchinleck, Felly o' his college, may weel be fit to receive Cecy Rymer—neither more nor less, however honourably tret, than a gouvernante."

"Mother," said Cecy Rymer, abruptly, as she and her mother paced home in the delicious twilight, deliciously balmy on this June evening on the unsheltered field road, and the pathway across the uncultivated moor, "is Andrew Auchinleck so much changed, or is the change in me?"

"Bairn," remonstrated Mrs. Rymer, with mild wonder, "didna you say you would have kened him onywhere?"

"Ah! yes, as I would ken that cry of the corn-craik and now of the plover. But poor Andrew!—it was not his birthright which he sold for a mess of pottage—no, it was the intellectual, and social pottage he gave up because of his birthright."

"My dear," objected Mrs. Rymer again, this time more uneasily, though with even more mildness than before, "I dinna like new-fangled remarks on Scripser. I dare say I'm auld-fashioned and prejudiced, but, if you please, we'll keep frae sic remarks. The minister has aye been cautioning me against the wild opinions and the religious unsoun'ness of Germany till he has made my hair stand on end for your best interests, Cecy, and you a godly minister's bairn."

"The minister might have more charity to spare for the true, kind Germans, the truest, kindest folk in the world," exclaimed Cecy, in hasty indignation; but she calmed down in a moment, in order to reassure her mother. "Mr. Templeton thinks only of my good: I know that, and I hope I am right, as you and he would have me to be. So you will take my arm, dearie, for your step is getting a little slower now that we have walked half a mile. How Mrs. Auchinleck talks! I know our sharp friend is worthy and sterling—a good, good mother, but why does she speak so much of Davie and so little of Andrew?"

Andrew Auchinleck was softened by some subtle influence on the revival of his acquaintance with Cecy Rymer—the new Cecy Rymer. He had been tempted, even while, poor fellow, he had been sufficiently pleased with and proud of his brother's acquisitions, to meet David cavalierly, rather to sport the contrast which had arisen be-

tween the two, and to take nothing off his successful relative's hand should the latter be so left to himself as to attempt to come over Andrew with patronizing counsel or fault-finding. After all Andrew smoothed down his rising temper, and was, to his mother's satisfaction, free and gentle with David when the hero stepped at last on the old stage of the school-house.

David Auchinleck in the outward man was ill-knit, irregularly featured, but he was at the same time not only well dressed, but seen in the fine setting of grace, courtesy, and high intelligence. Farther, the comparatively mature scholar was fifty times more at ease and simpler withal than when he was a raw student.

"It maun be his grand education and the rank he has risen to which makes Davie so pleasant," concluded his delighted mother, "for I canna say that he takes it either frae me or frae his poor father, who hasna lived to see these days. Davie is a hantle pleasanter than Andrew, and I shouldna wonder though Davie were easier to serve for a' the dainties and fikes he has been accustomed to; no but that Andrew's bark is waur than his bite, poor child."

When David the Fellow took Andrew the schoolmaster's measure after the two had come to closer quarters, in more prolonged and interested intercourse than the brothers had held since they were boys together, Andrew little guessed how favourable was David's estimate. David might have got his surfeit of superficial advantages so as to end by sinking them to their due level or below their level, and by turning back to and exalting the primitive qualities; or he might have had a lurking inextinguishable regret and borne his brother a yearning grudge because he, David, had allowed Andrew to play the part of Curtius, and had not interposed and himself taken the leap.

David said to himself, as they parted for the night, "A grand old fellow Andrew, sagacious and original! no boorishness in him can be more than skin-deep."

CHAPTER III.

THE WINNER.

THE novelty as well as the un-dreamt-of lustre of Cecy's reappearance in her limited home circle had its results. In consideration of the temporariness of her stay, and of the manner in which she had returned, as it were, franked and superscribed by her patrons and friends the Thornycrofts, and further verified by her artistic German music, her feats in water colours and illu-

mination, and her familiarity with fresh German literature, the four or five Misses Templeton called on Cecy. They had not, save in a professional minister's daughters' way, called on her mother, but they extended to Cecy the actual right hand of fellowship, which was only to be taken for two months.

During these long summer days in the dull country neighbourhood, two of Cecy Rymer's admirers were birds of passage like herself, and were in that dangerous condition of idleness which is highly favourable to the growth of a flirtation.

It must be admitted that one of these admirers entertained for her as she knew, and was content to know, a purely Platonic regard.

Cosmo Templeton, who was so fond of escorting and waiting upon his sisters' friend, was publicly pledged to another friend of his family who was not then in his vicinity. He was not a bad sort of fellow as men go, a quick, gay, good-humoured, smartish man of the world. He was the last man to be guilty of, not to say a breach of his word, but of the worldly folly of an imprudent marriage. Cosmo's father, mother, and sisters, and the young lady whom he was going to marry, if it reached her ears, could remain quite tranquil on Cosmo's fancy for Cecy Rymer: admitting that, Cecy was peerless as a Lammas lily. More than that, the other one of Cecy's admirers with whom Cosmo had run up in a trice a conveniently agreeable intimacy, was not in an appreciable degree jealous of the Colonial Government official, and of his fair income ready-made to marry on. David Auchinleck's case was different from Cosmo's. "Scratch the Russian and you will come to the Tartar." In spite of David's elaborate culture, he betrayed in this matter a Boeotian brutality of earnestness which might yet war successfully in all the crises of his life with his acquired dilettantism. David was very soon very far gone indeed in a violent attachment to the witch, Cecy Rymer. In the teeth of his Fellowship, in reckless disregard of ways and means, he shocked and affronted his mother, half flattered and wholly terrified timid Mrs. Rymer, while he but slightly touched and hugely provoked his mistress. Cecy had returned, in the case of David Auchinleck, to the sauciness of her youth, and was indignant at being besieged, in her own mother's house by the most aggressive Fellow who could forfeit a Fellowship for her sake. David Auchinleck, from whose knowledge and manners, as his mother reflected bitterly, more might have been expected, threw dis-

cretion to the winds, and haunted Cecy Rymer perseveringly, wherever he could hope to meet her, during these June and July weeks. Poor Mrs. Auchinleck's pride was laid in the dust, and she had great trouble to keep from groaning aloud under the reverse. The little rural world of Auldacres had not accepted with entire complacency the school-master's wife and widow's conceit in her sons. It grinned when human nature returned at a gallop in David Auchinleck. The men at the manse shrugged their shoulders. The women, especially Amelia and May, and Bab and Harriet, who no longer treated David *de haut en bas* on their own account, were a little scandalized by his prompt and pointed selection of Cecy Rymer. They were forced to remind each other that gutter blood has a long course to run before it waxes blue. The passing flavour of sour grapes did not prevent the girls from feeling secretly attracted to, and amused by, and inclined to promote in a womanly way the College Fellow's devotion to the governess at home for her holidays.

Mrs. Auchinleck tried her hand in arresting David, on what she held his road to ruin, without avail, and was reduced to pouring her grievances into Andrew's ear. At first, when David and Cecy Rymer had returned, Andrew did something to redeem his position as their comrade. He roused himself from his wilful mental torpor. He resumed with fresh relish the tastes and habits of his earlier youth, criticised new editions of the classics, and plunged deeper into metaphysics with David. He read Cecy's Freiligrath and Auerbach, and listened, edified and entertained by the woman's quick, delicate opinions on character and sentiments, or he had the evil spirit charmed away from him by Cecy's music, for it was Andrew and not David who had a soul for music. All that was before Cecy was drawn away to speak German or gossip about art or botanize with David; and then driven to escape from such engagements and take refuge in helping to form the Templetons' croquet party at the manse, though David Auchinleck was also of the party. The croquet players played and jested in the company of their kind, amidst the bright sights and sweet sounds of a summer garden, while Andrew Auchinleck toiled for his own and his mother's daily bread, and taught the young idea how to shoot, in the baked and buzzing atmosphere of the school.

Andrew listened to the groans with which his mother relieved herself in his ear, and turned towards her a still, impassive

face, white from exhaustion under the burden and heat of the day. He rarely spoke again or remonstrated unless the incensed woman slandered Cecy Rymer or accused her of beguiling David. Andrew Auchinleck had always been a just man, and when his mother was glaringly unjust to Cecy Rymer, or even to David, Andrew fired up and came down upon the speaker in not the most filial terms, though he was sorry for his rough words and sought to atone for them in his shy, dogged manner, the moment after they were spoken. It was by no means the blame of Andrew (who kept his mother back from the undignified and useless retaliation so long as he was able, and was very angry and disgusted when he failed as a moral policeman) that Mrs. Auchinleck — to whom the summer had brought a sore trial instead of the unbroken felicity which she had expected — at last assailed Mrs. Rymer as a secondary cause of the misfortune which had befallen David Auchinleck.

Mrs. Rymer had been unswervingly loyal to Mrs. Auchinleck for a large part of both their lives, but now she was bewildered, hurt, and resentful: she flew, in tears, in trembling, and in anger, to her natural protector.

Cecy in her turn was, to begin with, what she called "furiously angry," then unavoidably struck with a sense of the ludicrous, and at last simply fretful.

"I wonder Mrs. Auchinleck does not get so dangerous and wicked a person as I put out of the parish, since she cannot shut up her distinguished son! Never mind Mrs. Auchinleck, mother; she is nearly mad about Davie, and I am afraid she must lead Andrew a sad life."

As for poor Mrs. Auchinleck, she had already discovered that her son Andrew also had come under the spell of Cecy Rymer.

When the second blow struck Mrs. Auchinleck, and she knew her two sons to be rivals, she crossed her arms, interlaced her work-worn hands, drooped her poor mother's vain, energetic head, and sat for hours unprecedentedly, ominously silent. She was vexed with her younger son; she deeply pitied her elder, and longed to help him or to console him.

One evening, after Cecy's two months had dwindled to two weeks, and David Auchinleck's vacation to exactly the same period, the manse became so generous in its hospitality as to contemplate a party which should include Andrew as well as David in the list of its guests.

"An important functionary, the parish schoolmaster," explained Mr. Templeton.

"Mr. Andrew Auchinleck is a respectable, talented young man, besides his connection with his brother. Ah! he is a very well-bred fellow, David, in addition to having his heart in the right place. But he is astoundingly soft, for a college man of standing, on a girl like Cecy Rymer. They say his brother the schoolmaster is also smitten with her."

"It is delightfully romantic," exclaimed Amelia Templeton.

"It is an awkward chance," the minister pursued, "but likely to lead to nothing very disastrous with a praiseworthy family like the Auchinlecks. Fortunately there is no old family here to have their pride outraged by David's choice of a wife."

"Oh dear no," assented Mrs. Templeton, emphatically.

"Mr. Andrew, as well as David, is a kind of old school-fellow of Cosmo's," Mr. Templeton continued. "You remember we had both brothers some evenings, years ago, before the elder was schoolmaster, when we wanted to recognize them as a couple of exemplary lads."

"We remember," declared May, shaking her head, "and dreary evenings we had of it — how David Auchinleck is changed since then!"

Andrew was invited, and went, after he had nearly renounced the party, at the last moment, in consequence of the irritation caused by his mother's taking it upon her to superintend his evening toilet, while she cast glances on David's faultless tie, boots, and studs.

"You are a braw man in girth and stature, Andrew," Mrs. Auchinleck took to complimenting her much tried son. "Gin you would hold yourself up, and wear a bauld front like your neighbours — you are an inch taller on your stocking-soles than ever your father was, and that is a majestic man."

"You'll better tell me at once I am an Adonis," scouted Andrew.

"My mother is right, old fellow; you are really a well-built Colossus," chimed in gracious David. But Andrew was little grateful for his compliment, and more exasperated than soothed by his brother's polite accents.

It had so happened, in the morning of the same day, that, as if in the wantonness of idleness and prosperity, Cosmo Templeton and his sisters, Cecy Rymer and David Auchinleck, having met each other accidentally near the spot, had looked into the school upon Andrew among his reading-books, writing copies, and peasant scholars. Andrew had received the company very shortly,

and on their lingering had threatened to turn them out and lock the door upon them for disturbing his pupils. David had tried ineffectually to smoothe down his brother; Cosmo Templeton and his sisters had slightly telegraphed to each other their opinion of the master's rudeness; Cecy Rymer, after having received a sudden violent impression of the seriousness and strain of Andrew's life, had hung her fair wise head, and felt dreadfully ashamed of having been induced to join in the intrusion. But Andrew knew nothing of Cecy's penitence; he only knew how inauspicious the visit had been, and felt also with how little of the coolness of a man of the world, how little of the courtesy of a gentleman, he had met the visitors.

When Andrew was installed in the manse drawing-room, and seated on a remote sofa, the scene recalled forcibly that former dubious reward for being exemplary lads which his brother had completely forgotten. David was as one at home on the hearth-rug, impressing the minister himself, who had not gone south of the Tweed for his humanities, by talking of Balliol, the last year's examinations, the Bampton lectures, &c.

But Andrew felt anything save an exemplary lad to-night. Certainly he told himself that he was the most morbid, malicious brute in creation. He did not free his neighbours altogether from the charge of aggravating self-satisfaction and veiled arrogance. But what could you expect of them? If he were as well armed and equipped for society, with as fair prospects as—say Davie or Cosmo Templeton, and were not a soured, morose chap of a schoolmaster, doomed to drudge in obscurity to his dying day, no doubt he would have been as light and careless as Davie or Cosmo Templeton, now buoyantly exuberant, now refreshingly passive.

All was much the same in the pleasant, slightly showy room, from its profusion of flowers contemporaneously with its cosy fire, to its mixture of dainty fragile china (to which Cosmo had added fur skins, models of canoes, specimens of mocassins) and its homely Dorcas work, little coats and muffetees, on which the ladies bestowed a portion of their leisure.

There was Mrs. Templeton, still sitting in easy state behind her old-fashioned glittering urn.

Here was Andrew's superior dominie, the minister, loving to tackle Andrew, as of yore, with musty classics and false quantities, which he was not at liberty to correct.

Yonder were the Misses Templeton, not

apparently six years older, still in airy floating garments, still with wonderfully artistic beads; though the young ladies had changed their style of hair, and what had once constituted smooth shining rolls and plaits formed now massed chignons and ruffled waves. The Misses Templeton remained impressed with their duties as hostesses, consulting together, he thought, on his impracticability as a guest, and preparing to show him over again, he verily believed, the old photographs, and to sing to him the old Scotch songs.

And Andrew was still blunt to Mr. Templeton, and blundering to the ladies, though he was no longer so thin-skinned as of old to pin-pricks of annoyance. How could he be, when his skin bore the scars of serious battles? He did not think that he would have minded much now either the good folks' patronizing or his own stammering and stumbling had *she* not been there to witness his uncouthness.

As if for the purpose of contrast, *she* was surely supremely beautiful and bright to-night, with not only David and Cosmo Templeton and the minister hovering on her steps and hanging on her looks, but the very women, in a tide of honourable enthusiasm sweeping away rivalry, combining to exalt and make much of her.

Andrew Auchinleck kept aloof from the queen, convinced that she would not miss his homage, and not wishing to trespass on old friendly regard and sympathy, though he gave the feelings their due from Cecy Rymer, and did not writhe under the expression of the last on her part.

Amelia and May, Bab and Harriet, in spite of some acquired tact, in their resolution to do their duty as their father's daughters, pestered Andrew with attentions, until Cecy Rymer interposed in his behalf. She was eager to hide the object of her interposition, and so she was voluble, discursive, saucy to Andrew for the first time since they had resumed their relations after he was the parish schoolmaster.

Amelia Templeton, wrapped up in the tradition that Scotch songs were the only songs adapted to Andrew's taste, had carried out the programme by singing, to suit his supposed capacity, one of the most stilted, wishy-washy of modern imitations of old Scotch songs. And then Cecy Rymer sat down in the place which Amelia had vacated, and proceeded to sing with fine power and art her grand German "Ade-laida," Andrew's favourite song, as she knew.

David Auchinleck and Cosmo Templeton stepped noiselessly to Cecy's side to drink

in more fully melody in its passion; and Andrew, the ungrateful man, came lumberingly, and as it were unwillingly, drawn by an irresistible attraction, face to face with the singer. But he answered the unspoken appeal of her lustrous eyes.

Cecy Rymer was entreated to sing again. She occupied herself with the pages of a piece of music, trying to steady it on the stand before her. "Why don't you help me?" she enquired of Andrew, almost with sharpness.

"I am neither useful nor ornamental here," half grumbled, half lamented Andrew, puzzled, hurt because she was hurt, and with a dubious approach to a smile; "you had better get Davie or Mr. Cosmo to help you."

"I don't want them."

The answer broke forth quickly and sadly, and the accent supplied what the words kept back. "If I cannot have you," it said, "I will have none of them."

The intimation was not the heartless deception of a coquette who would not be content unless she had all kinds of spoil in her net—it was the generous abandonment of a woman who is fit to break her heart because she is not let lift up the man who has chosen her, whom she has chosen, from his mistaken, unmerited humiliation.

Andrew Auchinleck would have been a dolt and fool if he had not understood the words. "If you want me, I'll do what I can," he answered with a low laugh, bending over and adjusting what was amiss.

His eyes were opened to a flood of light which rendered his unpractised fingers dexterous, and inspired him to hold himself up as his mother had recommended, the most towering figure with the boldest front in the room. It electrified Andrew; it melted and subdued him. It shrivelled up and consumed arbitrary, accidental distinctions, and proclaimed him by sheer virtue of his manhood with its defects, and of her tenderhearted, magnanimous election, the winner of a woman whose price was far above rubies.

Andrew went home in the soft falling rain with Cecy Rymer, and when he returned to the school-house he found his mother waiting for him.

"I ken where you've been, and it's all right," she said to him, meaningly clapping him on the shoulder. "As for Davie, he has been hame an hour syne, and he has been rummaging among his boxes and books; what you might expect, let it be midnight, in a grand scholar."

Andrew was aware that his mother had leapt to and approved of the conclusion.

Moreover she had returned instantly to her allegiance to Davie her highest risen and rising son.

"I am going, Andrew," said David next day, following Andrew when he went out after breakfast to the school.

"No," protested Andrew, in default of anything better to say.

"Yes," insisted David, "I have nothing to stay for; and for that matter, I have stayed a deal too long already."

After a moment's silence, he added vaguely, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I believe it is as it ought to be."

Though David spoke calmly, his face showed haggard after a sleepless night, in the summer morning. He had been as unsophisticatedly in earnest, it might be because of that peasant blood of his, in his love as in his ambition.

"I shall probably join Evans and Ingledew in their reading party in Normandy, as they wished me," explained David, striving feverishly to be commonplace and cheerfully communicative, and naturally ending the struggle, gentleman as he was, by bordering on bravado. "After that I shall be prepared to wish you and her every blessing, and stick to my college for the rest of my days."

"They are early days yet," Andrew reminded him, gently; "you'll be our scholar," Davie, as our folk intended that you and I should be; whom we shall be proud of, whom the world may be proud of—who knows?" exclaimed Andrew, with a fondness which he had never shown to his brother before.

It was Cecy Rymer's task to reconcile her mother to her beautiful, accomplished, admired daughter's marrying no higher than a parish schoolmaster; but Cecy represented to Mrs. Rymer, first, that if Cecy had married Mr. Cosmo Templeton (who had never thought of asking her to marry him, and was bespoken ever so long ago in another quarter), Cecy would have had to go out to Canada, while the minister might never have spoken to Mrs. Rymer again.

"I could never have stood that," ejaculated Mrs. Rymer, speaking as if even now guilty and condemned.

And if Cecy had had Davie, she would have cost him his Fellowship and his living, the two would have been on the world without a certain bite to put in their mouths for all his learning, and Mrs. Rymer's old friend Mrs. Auchinleck would never have spoken to Mrs. Rymer again.

"An' that could na ha'e been tholed, and hiz sae near connec't, and me wanting to consult her—for she was aye a fell

smart woman, Mrs. Auchinleck — where to win bread for my bairn," acknowledged Mrs. Rymer seriously.

But since Cecy was so happy as to be going to marry Andrew Auchinleck, all was plainest and smoothest sailing in delectable sunshine. A living was provided, Auld-acres was next door, Mrs. Auchinleck was propitious. Then teaching was Cecy's business as well as Andrew's; she would help him as it had been projected she should help his father.

"Demean herself by teaching in a parish

school!" Demean herself by doing what her "man" did! Her Andrew had said a lady's mission was to go up hill and down dale, refining the world; and she, if she had any pretensions to be a lady, would refine Auldacres parish school. Would she lose her grand friends? Let her lose them, if they could be so lost. Her Andrew and her mother were her best friends, and she wanted none if she had them. Cecy's dear mother must and did believe in her daughter's great good fortune and unclouded happiness.

RAILROAD ACROSS THE ANDES.— We are glad to see that progress is being made with a scheme for crossing the South American continent by a railway, which may rival if not surpass in actual utility the great Atlantic and Pacific line across the North American continent. An engineer, Mr. Rossetti, was appointed by the Government of the Argentine Republic to survey the passes of the Andes, and his report appears to bring the undertaking within practicable compass. By the pass of the Planchon or Teno communication may be established between existing lines on either side of the Andes by a connecting line of about 1,000 miles (1,661 kilometres) in length. The highest elevation reached will be 3,300 metres, and apparently there will only be one very difficult section in the Vargara ravine, where there is a difference of level of 790 metres in a distance of 10 kilometres, which gives a grade of 70 in 1,000. Thus the undertaking will not be on the scale of the Atlantic and Pacific undertaking either for length or the number of the difficult engineering works. The whole cost is calculated at about 6,000,000/ sterling, that is about 6,000/ per mile, of which the greater portion will be in the territory of the Argentine Republic, which has prosecuted the survey, about a fifth only of the expense or 1,200,000/ falling to the Government of Chili. No doubt, small as the work comparatively is, it may still be too costly for any traffic that may come upon it; but there are many objects of public utility that would be served. The Argentine Republic, we believe, has great expectations, both from the emigration which is likely to flow into its great West, and the richness of the mining districts which will be opened up. There is a considerable trade besides between the Eastern and Western coasts, and the route would almost certainly command the mail and passenger traffic between Peru and Chili and Europe — possibly would supply another practicable road to and from our Australian colonies. The

original projectors of a railway over the Andes had at least the latter among their objects. The line, it is said, would take four years to execute, but the Argentine Republic will be surer of success if they do not try to go even so fast as that, but gradually extend their railways to the West.

Economist.

A WEEK or two ago we announced a rumour to the effect that the Government had refused to allow a ship to convey the eclipse observers to Spain and Sicily next December. The rumour was too well founded; the Government has actually refused to tell off a ship for this purpose. This decision in the teeth of the plainest precedents requires no comment on our part; in fact, it is beyond all comment, it is astounding. We are enabled to announce, however, that the American Government, more enlightened than our own, are making extensive preparations; and upon the results of their labours and those of the Continental Governments Englishmen must therefore fall back, in a research which is eminently English. The Americans will send three corps of observation, to be stationed respectively at Malaga, Sicily, and some place in Turkey most available for making the best scientific records and views. One of these corps will be sent from the Naval Observatory, and the other two will be composed of the most scientific men in the country, including the professors from Harvard University. Before the war broke out it was arranged that Rear-Admiral Glisson should extend to the corps at Sicily all the aid and co-operation in his power. But the original plan has been spoiled for the present by the troubles in Europe, Admiral Glisson being obliged to move his squadron to the Baltic for the protection of American commerce in that vicinity.

Nature.

From The Spectator.
FLINT CHIPS.*

PRE-HISTORIC, or rather non-historic, archæology has had many difficulties to contend with, but it is in a fair way to surmount them all. For a long while its materials were either scanty or suspicious, though its conclusions were large and dogmatic. No sooner was it shown that the arrow-heads, celts, and curiously worked stones preserved in many a museum might be made to tell an intelligible and connected story, than these venerable though somewhat dowdy curiosities became the starting-point for the wildest hypotheses. It seemed to be taken for granted that this branch of archæology required but little learning or scientific accuracy of thought. A few earnest workers, however, went on collecting, comparing, and reasoning, but their labours, even when known, were often discredited. This result was due to the prevalence of fraud and forgery, and to the unfortunate impression produced by the rash conclusions of spurious archæologists, a fungoid growth which the study of obscure antiquities has developed to an extraordinary extent. But at length, owing in a great measure to the labours of a goodly band of really philosophic workers, English and Continental, pre-historic archæology is being rapidly consolidated into a satisfactory structure. One of the most important recent steps in this direction was the foundation of the Blackmore Museum at Salisbury, another the production of a descriptive catalogue of its contents. To this catalogue we now wish to direct our readers.

Flint Chips, though a volume of 600 pages, refers almost exclusively to the Stone periods, and to the stone objects in the Blackmore Museum; a second book relating to the Bronze period, and to the articles of "modern savagery," will complete the undertaking. The mode of treating his subject which our author adopts renders his volume a great deal more useful as well as more interesting than a mere catalogue. Mr. Stevens duly enumerates and describes the specimens, but he provides his readers in addition with a series of most instructive essays. So, for instance, the list of mammalian remains found associated with works of man is prefaced by a well-composed picture of the fauna of the Drift period. Again, before the individual specimens belonging to the later Stone age are enumerated, a chapter on the methods of drilling stone is given. In a similarly readable

manner very full information is furnished concerning lake-dwellings, shell-mounds, the ancient cultivation of maize, the use of tobacco, the animal-mounds of Wisconsin, and the tumuli of the Old World. From some of the chapters on these subjects we shall glean a few paragraphs, to show by samples the high quality and varied interests of Mr. Stevens' book.

A strange scene is opened to our view in Dr. Blackmore's account of the mammals of the Drift. During that period our English Downs were the home of herds of reindeer, of shaggy-maned bisons, and of a race of small and hardy horses, not unlike the ponies of Exmoor. The mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the lemming, and the musk sheep, animals peculiarly adapted for existence in an Arctic clime, were then living in this country, while sheltering in the caverns or prowling in the forests were hyænas, bears, and a species of lion larger than any of those now found in Asia or Africa. Many of these animals must have been extremely abundant, evidence of the existence of more than two hundred individuals of the hyæna having been obtained from the Kirkdale cave alone. Mammoth remains, too, have been frequently disinterred in nearly all parts of England; still persons have not been wanting who ventured to attribute all these to the *one* elephant imported by Cæsar (p. 21). We may here cite an instance of the unexpected glimpses into the life of the past which the minute study of organic remains often affords. The second cervical vertebra, or *axis*, as it is named, of a bison, in the Blackmore collection shows necrosis of a small part of the body of the vertebra, an injury which was most probably produced by a violent shock to the animal in using its horns in a tilting-match with a brother bison, and which resulted in its death. In France more especially a kind of evidence has been obtained from the animal remains of caves and rock-shelters which is of the deepest interest and importance, for it proves the contemporaneity of man with many animals now extinct. Rude outlines of the mammoth cave-bear and of man himself have been found traced upon pieces of mammoth ivory or fragments of reindeer antlers; attempts at sculptural figures have also been discovered. We trust that the evidences of cannibalism which some of the caves of France and Scotland seem to furnish will be explained away; still we fear that human bones carefully split for the extraction of the marrow show that the cave-dwellers' longing for marrow knew no bounds.

The remarkable pit-dwellings at High-

* *Flint Chips*. By E. T. Stevens. London: Bell and Daldy. 1870.

field, near Salisbury, are described (p. 57) as dome-shaped excavations in the chalk, possessing a strong resemblance to many pits existing in various parts of England and France. Pit-dwellings vary a good deal in size, some being five feet, others fourteen in diameter. Sometimes they are solitary, sometimes in groups, with underground communications. The circular form of these pits remind one at once of the form always used by savages. The lodges and huts of many tribes both of North-American Indians and of the South-African races are round, and often sunk, partially at least, in the ground. All the earliest habitations of pre-historic times have been observed to be in like manner either circular or oval. Unfortunately for the credit of archæology, numerous temporary shelters and cooking-places excavated on exposed hills and moors in this country have been set down as pit-dwellings of ancient date, when they were in reality the temporary contrivances of encamping soldiers at no very remote historic period. As a rule, nothing is found in them but a fire-marked stone, a little wood charcoal, some burnt seeds, a button or two, and a good deal of dirt. Had they been houses long inhabited, they would have furnished, as those of Highfield and other localities have, a less meagre catalogue of remains. Genuine pit-dwellings belong to what is called the neolithic period, and show both by their construction and contents a decided advance upon the civilization of the palæolithic or cave period.

We turn now for a moment to the consideration of an ancient method of cooking of which early dwellings afford evidence, and which the customs of some modern savages serve to illustrate. This plan is called "stone-boiling" (p. 50). A hole is dug in the earth, dry wood is placed in it, and on that a number of stones. When the stones become red-hot the unconsumed fuel is removed, wet, green leaves placed upon the stones, and upon the leaves the food to be cooked. More leaves are placed on the food, and a mat over all. Then some water is poured on the mat, and finally earth as an outside coating; thus the food is cooked by a combined baking and steaming process. But a simpler method of stone-boiling than this of the New Zealanders, was probably practiced by the pit-dwellers. Stones made red-hot in the fire were thrown one after another into a vessel of water containing the food to be cooked. This is the plan adopted by certain North-American Indians, and traces of it still survive on the continent of Europe. One less pleasing use of stone-boiling is also described in *Flint Chips*.

Some Ecuador Indians prepare their idol human heads by introducing a hot stone into the prepared head from which the skull has been removed; drying proceeds regularly, and a miniature head, preserving all the features, is the disagreeable result.

As stone implements form the chief object of the Blackmore collection, so the modes of working them, their various uses, and their peculiarities of shape and material occupy a very considerable proportion of Mr. Stevens' volume. We cannot pretend to give anything like a satisfactory account of our author's treatment of this part of his subject, yet we hope to be able to select from his pages ample proofs of the fact that a remarkable amount of human interest attaches itself to the worked stones which have strayed down to us from remote epochs. But we must guard our readers against a common fallacy. The Stone age is often spoken of as a definite period, sharply defined both in time and space. Such statements are not borne out by the study of the contents of the Blackmore Museum. The stone age of one country need on no account be contemporary with that of another; indeed, the Stone age lingers still in some parts of the world of to-day. Had this not been so, the stone remains of remote times, often the solitary records of past races, would have been far more difficult to interpret. The modern uses of tools of stone, shell, horn, and bone in many parts of the globe have enabled archæologists to classify numerous obscure objects, as adzes, hammers, knives, scrapers, net-sinkers, &c. We indeed approach the study of many of these weapons and instruments under peculiar disadvantages. Doubtless, many of the stone tools were fixed in wooden handles, which have long since perished. Evidence that such was the case is afforded not only by the shape and markings of the objects themselves, but by modern examples of hafting adopted in the mounting of similar tools. The exact uses of many ancient stone implements remain, however, at present undiscovered; we only know that they are human handiwork, and that they have such strong family likenesses that arrangement in groups is quite easy. Here we stop to point out the chief methods of classifying ancient implements of stone. The main bases of arrangement are form and finish. The unrubbed and unpolished specimens are, as a rule, older than the rubbed and polished ones. Full details on this point, and on the varieties of form in flint implements; as to how they were flaked into shape, usually by percussion, sometimes by pressure as well; all this, and

much more, will be found in Mr. Stevens' volume. Especially interesting are the notes on the efficiency of the flint implements in executing the work for which it is presumed they were fashioned (p. 68); on the exquisite workmanship of some of the stemmed flint arrow-heads from Ireland (p. 85); on the primitive methods of drilling stone (p. 96); and on the general distribution throughout the world of stone implements (p. 112). In point of fact, this last subject introduces a difficulty. The vast quantity of stone implements real or reputed has induced many persons to regard it as impossible that they can be all human work. The still existent gun-flint works, to which we recently alluded in the *Spectator*, offer proofs of various kinds as to the authenticity of the ancient specimens. Besides the vast quantity of flint flakes thrown off by the hammer in breaking up and fashioning a native mass of flint, there are numbers of abortive attempts and numbers of nearly finished pieces broken on the eve of completion. The modern productions and the modern waste-heaps of the workers in flint render perfectly intelligible those of pre-historic times. Let us, for illustration, suppose for a moment an excavation made 1,000 years hence, on the site of the industrious town of Whitby. A doubt might easily arise as to whether the millions of fragments of jet there found were of artificial origin. But we know that 1,200 workmen are engaged year after year in fashioning this mineral into ornaments, just as the Romans 1,500 years ago worked the Kimmeridge shale about the Dorsetshire coast, and left abundant evidence of their manufactories in those waste cores of this material which have been ignorantly termed coal-money.

We have no space to do more than refer to the compact and most interesting account (p. 119) of the Swiss and Italian lake-dwellings, with the curious evidence of the mode of life of their inhabitants which has been brought to light of late years. Nor can we linger amongst the shell-mounds of Denmark (p. 193), or the ancient and weird animal forms represented in the pottery of Peru (p. 269), or the gold images from the Huacas of Chiriqui (p. 281). There is, however, a most interesting chapter on tobacco (p. 315), which will probably commend itself to some of our readers, and will serve to introduce a brief notice of one of the most important and characteristic suites of specimens in the Blackmore collection, namely, the pipes from the Ohio burial-mounds. However ancient the custom of smoking some weeds,

if not "the weed," may have been, it does not appear that tobacco was introduced into Europe until about 1560. We are told that Fairbairn "considers the tradition of the Greek Church that Noah was intoxicated by tobacco to have sprung from the brain of some pious humourist." It is singular that the word *tobacco* appears to have been the native Haytian name for the pipe used in smoking the plant, which itself was termed *mahiz*. We will now refer to the remarkable Ohio mounds and to the Ohio pipes, merely mentioning in passing that numerous subjects relating to ancient North America will be found ably handled in the sections devoted to maize and mealings-stones, Aztec mosaic work, and the pottery of Mexico.

The Ohio mounds seem to have been places of sacrifice and worship rather than of sepulture. The sacrifice offered may indeed have formed part of the burial-rites, but though evidences of cremation are distinct, interments are rare, and occur in mounds destitute of the altars and other objects, probably offerings, which characterize most of these earth-works.

In shape the Ohio mounds resemble some of our round barrows and tumuli, but are occasionally on a very large scale. In "Mound City," on the left bank of the Scioto river, Ross county, Ohio, there are twenty-three mounds, the group being surrounded by a bank three or four feet high. One most singular point discovered in relation to the contents of the so-called altar-mounds was the occurrence of vast numbers of one sort of object in particular mounds. In one would be found two hundred pipes, in another numerous fragments of lead ore, in a third a collection of spear-heads, and so on. This peculiarity has not yet been satisfactorily explained. The pipes just mentioned are well represented in the Salisbury series. Very faithful engravings of the most characteristic amongst them will be found on pp. 423 to 436. They are worked out of four different rock or mineral materials, none of them having been moulded or fashioned by pressure nor hardened by subsequent baking. In fact they are not pottery, though as such they are described by Sir J. Lubbock in his *Pre-historic Man*. Great skill has been shown in working the native materials into pipes, particularly in the case of those which have been made out of a peculiarly hard kind of slate, a sort of whetstone. The various specimens of pipes, though exhibiting considerable diversity in their ornamental details are all formed on the same type of construction. The bowl of the pipe is

situated on the middle of a curved, broad, and flattened piece, the extremities only of which touch the surface on which the pipe is placed. Through the middle of this broad stem a fine hole was drilled, by means of which the smoke was drawn from the central bowl. The chief artistic effort was reserved for the bowl. It usually represented an animal so placed as to face the smoker. These animals, whether frogs (p. 423), birds (pp. 424 to 427), squirrels, beavers, seals, and sea-cows (pp. 428, 429), cats, bears, or wolves, are sculptured with singular force and fidelity. Only a few representations of the human face occur, and these are not very successful.

We must pass by without notice the remaining chapters of *Flint Chips*. Abundant and trustworthy information concerning the tumuli of the Old World, tolmens and menhirs, and scores of other matters of cognate interest, is afforded by this catalogue of a collection of pre-historic remains which is inferior to none in the world. It is a happy circumstance for the beautiful city of Salisbury, that it should be able to reckon amongst its townsmen so enlightened and generous a benefactor as the founder of the Blackmore Museum, and so able and indefatigable an expositor of those remains of pre-historic times which it possesses, as the curator of the collection and the author of this book.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE STORY OF A CAPITULATION.

THE history of all invasions is so very much alike that the following account of the capitulation of Verdun in 1792—a capitulation memorable for the dramatic episodes which accompanied it—will almost read like a story of to-day.

Seventy-eight years ago—that is, on the 3rd of September, 1792—the town of Verdun opened its gates to the Prussian army which had been besieging it for three days under the command of the Duke of Brunswick. The King of Prussia, Frederick William II., and his two sons, had just joined the army, and with them came a corps of French emigrés, among them was Chateaubriand, then a corporal, unknown, wounded, and already half sick of the cause he was serving. The garrison of Verdun was allowed to march out with the honours of war, and it was a very young colonel, named Marceau, who was deputed to carry the letter of submission to the King. This officer is the same whom Byron has since

immortalized, and who, as General Merceau, was destined to acquire the reputation of being the most humane soldier and the bravest gentleman of his time. The garrison were very dispirited as they marched out, and with good reason, for they had just lost their general under circumstances peculiarly terrible and touching. Rather than be a party to the surrender he had blown his brains out. His name was Beaurepaire; he was the commander of the volunteers of Maine-et-Loire, and so far back as the 28th of July he had written to the Government, saying, "Verdun cannot be expected to hold out if you do not help us. We ought to have at least a hundred cannons, and we have only forty-four. We ought to have forty thousand palisades, and we have not one. We have no muskets, no pouches, and scarcely any ammunition." To this he soon after received the following reply from Chondieu, one of the secretaries of the War Office:—"The most imposing ceremony took place last Sunday at the Tuileries. Funeral hymns were sung in honour of the patriotic victims of the 10th of August. *More than 300,000 armed men defiled before the palace.* These are your auxiliaries. There is a formidable reserve. Hold good; Paris is behind you!!!" The three points of exclamation are in the original. One would almost fancy it had been written in the year 1870 by some cousin of Marshal LeBœuf. This letter was all the relief that Beaurepaire received. He was obliged to prepare for the siege as best he could, and the result was that when, on the 30th of August, the Prussian army opened their trenches, and balls and shells began showering into the town, there was an immense commotion among the inhabitants, who felt decidedly averse to being butchered for nothing. At that time Verdun possessed a mayor who was perhaps an ancestor of that chief magistrate of Nancy who has just distinguished himself by exhorting his fellow-townsmen to be meek and not to vex the Prussians. At the first sound of firing, this high-souled dignitary sent a number of roughs through the town with orders to rout out all the women and children and bring them to the market-place, where, under his valiant leadership, they constituted themselves into a deputation, and went imploring Beaurepaire not to hold out any longer. Now it so happened that some weeks before all the towns of France had sent delegates to Paris to make vows of patriotism, and the Verdun delegation had been headed by a sort of vestryman, named Cordier, who, being fond of the sound of his own voice, had thought the oc-

casion a good one for declaring in the face of the Assembly, "Le commandant de Verdun et le bataillon de Maine-et Loire ont juré de ne se rendre qu'à la mort." Beaurepaire had sworn nothing of the kind, but he was chivalrous enough to consider himself pledged by the tall talk of the vestryman, and so, when the mayor and deputation came whining to him to give in, he replied, "Never." Lamartine, in his "Girondins," here asserts that Beaurepaire killed himself there and then, in the presence of the mayor, exclaiming, "Survivez à votre honte. Quant à moi, je meurs libre. Je lègue mon sang en opprobre aux lâches et en exemple aux braves." This, however, was not the way which the commander of Verdun selected. Beaurepaire had nothing stagey in him. He let no one into the secret of his intentions, but went quietly home and shot himself in the silence of the night. The Duke of Brunswick was so much affected at the recital of this suicide that on coming into Verdun he asked for the pistol with which Beaurepaire had done the deed, and vowed that it should thenceforth have the place of honour in his armoury.

Verdun having capitulated, the Prussian general Kalkreuth was sent to take possession of it, and with him came the King's two sons, who had obtained leave from their father to accompany the general on condition that they should take off their orders and pass as his aides-de-camp. The eldest of these two princes (afterwards Frederick William III.) was then two and twenty. His rank in the army was major-general, and he appears to have been a quick and humorous observer as well as a clever officer. In a book of memoirs which he published later, under the title "Reminiscences of the French Campaign," he enters into the minutest particulars of all he saw and did in France, not even forgetting such details as the following:—"On the 30th I smoked a pipe with tolerable success." "On the 2nd, when I was half dead with hunger after a day's march, the King sent me a plateful of lentils and pork. Ensign Turbenheim, who brought the dish, laid it on a drum. I was changing my boots at the time, and before I was ready to eat a French dog belonging to M. d'Herbelin put his nose into the dish and went away with the pork. Turbenheim was very much excited, and wanted to go after the dog and kill him, but I told him this wouldn't bring back my dinner. I dined off the lentils." "On the 16th there were fowls at the King's table, and the officers appeared to think it strange that, although his Majesty invited the Prince of Nassau and Luchisini, he paid

no attention whatever to me. The table was spread outside the King's tent, and I looked on from a distance." What appeared to strike the Crown Prince most on his entry into Verdun was the light-heartedness of the inhabitants and the noisy welcome they gave him. "They clustered round us," he writes, "and one of them, laying a finger on my brother's coat at the spot where he usually wore his star, said, 'Ah, you must be a prince, here is the mark of an order.' They told us they were very glad to see us, and professed great esteem for Prussia, comparing our kings with their own, and saying many things that were highly complimentary. If I had stayed a few days among them I believe they would have asked me to become their king. One of them did honour me with this proposition, which I presume was only a pretext for talking; but it sounded strange to me in a French mouth." Further on he observes:—"Their officers do not seem to be so well educated as ours. One of them, who I learned was colonel of the Civic Guard, informed me that he had a cousin in the Prussian service. I asked him where. He said at Munich." However, the capitulation of Verdun was not to pass off in a mere exchange of civilities, for as General Kalkreuth and the princes were riding out of the town on their way back to the camp, after ratifying the conditions of the surrender, an officer of their suite, the Count of Henkel, lieutenant in Kœhler's hussars, was shot dead in the street by somebody firing out of a barber's window. Whether this murder was the result of an accident, or an idle freak, or a piece of misplaced patriotism has never been correctly ascertained; but the occurrence led indirectly to that most melancholy drama of the revolutionary annals which Delille, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo have all sung as the "martyrdom of the virgins of Verdun."

They were eight in number these virgins of Verdun, and their tale is indeed a pitiful one. The news of the murder had no sooner spread through the town than immense consternation seized hold of everybody, and of course the Mayor was among the first to gallop after Kalkreuth, and assure him that every reparation should be accorded if only the Prussians would take a merciful view of the unlucky affair. But the General, who was scared and furious, answered that the rules of war were peremptory, that the shot had been meant for him, and that Verdun knew now what it had to expect. One can conceive the dismay of the Mayor and panic among the citizens, who at once made sure that the Prussians would come and

massacre them all, and afterwards put their town to the sack — no unlikely contingency as times went. In the midst of the confusion, while everybody was wringing his or her hands, and uttering lamentations, a lady stepped forward and suggested that, as a means of mollifying the King, a deputation of the prettiest girls of Verdun should be chosen to offer a corbeille of bonbons to his Majesty. The idea of presenting a basket of sweetmeats to a tough, grimy old soldier was not, perhaps, the most appropriate thing that could have been devised, but it was accepted by the Verdunites with enthusiasm, and eight young ladies were immediately designated as legates — their names were Suzanne, Gabrielle, and Barbe Henry, daughters of M. Henry, President du Bailliage de Verdun; Anne, Henriette, and Helene Watrin, daughters of a retired officer; Marguerite-Angélique La Girorisière, daughter of the Keeper of Woods and Forests of the province; and Claire Tabouillot, daughter of a magistrate. They were all "of radiant beauty," say the Crown Prince's memoirs; the eldest of them was not more than three-and-twenty, and the two youngest were only sixteen. A subscription was raised on the spot to buy a handsome casket, the Baroness de Lalance, aunt of the sisters Henry, offered herself as chaperon, and the nine ladies were soon on their way to the camp in the Baroness's coach — a fact which, by-the-by, speaks well for the capacity of vehicles in those days. One would scarcely imagine that in such a simple proceeding as this bonbon embassy to the King of Prussia lurked all the elements of a future indictment for treason; and yet so it was, and the unfortunate box of sweetmeats was fated to cost three-and-thirty persons their heads. The King refused the present, but there is very little doubt that it saved Verdun from pillage; for, although Frederick William II. showed himself cold, and even harsh, to the deputation, there is his son's authority for believing that he was very much struck with the beauty of the young girls, and had not the heart to consign them to the fate which would inevitably have been theirs had Verdun been abandoned to his soldiery. The French, however, were then even fuller of the Prussian spy mania than they are now. Everybody who was not a sans-culotte in those blessed days of freedom was accounted sold to the

foe, and upon the evacuation of Verdun by the Prussians after Valmy and Jemmapes, the eight "Virgins of Verdun," their mothers, Mme. de Lalance, and twenty-one old gentlemen who had subscribed for the bonbons, were arraigned before the revolutionary tribunal on the charge of having "delivered the town of Verdun to the Prussians, aided and abetted the success of their arms on French territory, and conspired with them to destroy liberty, to dissolve the national representation, and to restore despotism." It may be mentioned incidentally that the surrender of Verdun was one of the principal causes that sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold. Then, as now, it was pretty much the way with the French to believe that whenever they were beaten it was their king's fault, not their own; so that when the ill-starred monarch pleaded that he really could not help it if the bourgeois of Verdun had failed in endurance, this answer was treated as flippant, derisive, and an insult to the sovereign people. The same system of argument was adopted towards the Virgins of Verdun. After being carted about from prison to prison for two years, they were at last put upon their trial in Paris in 1794. Their beauty, their gentleness, and their resignation were such that a thrill of sympathy went through the audience, and upon Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Accuser, rising to ask that they might be sentenced to death, one of the soldiers on duty, who had been kind to them throughout the trial, fell heavily forward and rolled on the floor senseless. Naturally they were found guilty — guilty of being in league with the Prussians; and they were all condemned to be beheaded. As a particular mark of Republican clemency, however, the two youngest of the virgins, Barbe Henry and Claire Tabouillot, saw their sentence commuted to twenty years' penal servitude and one day of pillory. Barbe Henry was released after the fall of Robespierre, and subsequently married a Colonel Meslier; but both her sisters, her mother, and her aunt were executed, along with the other young girls who had carried the sweetmeats to Frederick William, and the twenty old gentlemen who had subscribed to the gift, five of whom were over seventy. Of course the mayor and the vestryman Cordier escaped; those sort of men always do.

From The Academy.
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.*

THE frequent republication of the works of our old dramatists, is a sufficient proof that the contemporaries of Shakspeare to some extent still divide the attention of the reading public with their great superior. Yet it may be doubted whether, in spite of the labours of Lamb and Hazlitt among critics, of Dodsley, Gifford, Dyce, and others among editors, the works of men like Marlowe, Webster, Heywood, Chapman, Ford, or Massinger, can ever take the place they merit in the ranks of English literary worthies. These lesser lamps — stars which are sufficient by themselves to adorn a national drama — pale before the sun of Shakspeare, and are swallowed in his "main of light." Again, the very volume of our Elizabethan dramatic literature is an obstacle to its proper appreciation by any but enthusiastic lovers of old poetry, or students.

None of the playwrights have either deserved or received more posthumous celebrity than Marlowe. He is justly honoured as the father of the English theatre. He made blank verse what it was for Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, and he first taught the art of designing tragedies on a grand scale, displaying unity of action, unity of character, and unity of interest. Before his day plays had been pageants and shows. He first produced dramas. Before Marlowe it seemed seriously doubtful whether the rules and precedents of classic authors might not determine the style of dramatic composition in England as in France: after him it was impossible for a dramatist to please the people by any play which had not in it some portion of the spirit and the pith of *Faustus*, *Edward II.*, or *Tamburlaine*. When we remember that Marlowe, born in the same year as Shakspeare, died at the early age of twenty-nine, while Shakspeare's genius was still, as far as the public were concerned, almost a potentiality — when we reflect upon the sort of life which Marlowe led among his disreputable friends in London, and estimate the degradation of the dramatic art in England of his day — we are forced to acknowledge that his production, imperfect, unequal, and limited as it may be, still contains the evidence of a commanding and creative genius. About Marlowe there is nothing small or trivial: his verse is mighty; his passion is intense; the outlines of his plots are large; his characters are Titanic; his fancy is extravagant

in richness, insolence, and pomp. Marlowe could rough-hew like Michael Angelo. Speaking of *Doctor Faustus*, Göthe said with admiration, "How greatly it is all planned!" It is this vastness of design and scale which strikes us most in Marlowe. His characters are not so much men as types of humanity, the animated mould of human thought and passion which include, each one of them, a thousand individuals. The tendency to dramatize ideal conceptions is very strong in Marlowe. Were it not for his own deep sympathy with the yassions thus idealized and for the force of his conceptive faculty, these gigantic personifications might have been insipid or frigid. As it is, they are very far from deserving such epithets. The lust of dominion in *Tamburlaine*, the lust of forbidden power and knowledge in *Faustus*, the lust of wealth and blood in *Barabas*, are all terrifically realized. The poet himself sympathizes with the desires which sustain his heroes severally in their revolt against humanity, God, and society. *Tamburlaine's* confidence in his mission as "the scourge of the immortal God;" the intrepidity with which *Faustus*, ravished by the joys of his imagination, cries: —

"Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophiles!"

the stubborn and deep-centred hatred of the Jew, who, in the execution of his darkest schemes, can pray: —

"O Thou, that with a fiery pillar ledd'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the
hand
Of Abigail this night!"

These audacities of soul, these passionate impulses are part and parcel of the poet's self. It is his triumph to have been able thus to animate the creatures of his imagination with the reality of inspiring and inflaming enthusiasm. At the same time there is no lack of dramatic propriety in the delineation of these three characters. *Tamburlaine* is admirably characterized as the barbarian Tartar chief, in whose wild nature the brute instincts of savage nations, yearning after change, and following conquest as a herd of bison seek their fields of salt, attain to consciousness. *Faustus* represents the medieval love of magic, and that deeper thirst for realizing imagination's wildest dreams which possessed the souls of men in the Renaissance. *Barabas* remains the Jew, staunch to his creed, at war with Christians, alternately servile and insolent, persecuted and revenge-

* The works of Christopher Marlowe, including his Translations. Edited by Lieut. Col. Francis Cunningham. London: Crocker Brothers. 1870.

ful, yet dignified by the intensity of his beliefs, and justified in cruelty by the unnatural pariah life to which he is condemned. Upon these three characters, and upon the no less powerful representation of the history of Edward II., the pyramid of Marlowe's fame is based. Hazlitt was not wrong in his assertion that the last scene of *Edward*. II. is "certainly superior" to the similar scene in Shakspeare's *Richard*. Nor was Lamb perhaps extravagant in saying that "the death scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted." But there is one quality of Marlowe's which his critics have been apt hitherto to neglect—the overpowering sense of beauty which appears in all his finest works. It is by right of this quality that Marlowe claims to be the hierophant in England of that Pagan cult of beauty which characterized the Italian Renaissance. We find it in Tamburlaine's passion for Xenocrate, upon whose shining face

"—— Beauty, mother of the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen."

We find it again in the visions of Faustus and his familiars:

"Like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of
love."

Or in his *Helen*:

"O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

We find it in the jewels of Barabas:

"Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds."

We find it in the sports described by Gaveston in *Edward* II. But it is in *Hero and Leander*—that poem of exuberant and almost unique loveliness, left a fragment by the sudden death of Marlowe, but a fragment of such splendour that its elastic rhythms and melodious cadences taught Keats to handle the long rhyming couplet—that the Pagan passion for beauty in and for itself is chiefly eminent. We have no space to dwell upon the qualities of *Hero and Leander*. It is enough to indicate them. In the first and second Sestiads (Marlowe's portion of this wonderful poem) may be seen how thoroughly an Englishman of the 16th century could divest himself of all religious and social prejudices peculiar to the Christian world, and reproduce the Pagan spirit in a new and wholly

modern embodiment of fancy. Thought, passion, language, and rhythm all combine to give a Titianesque pomp and splendour to the pictures of Marlowe's poem.

With reference to Colonel Cunningham's edition of Marlowe's works, it is enough to say that it is based, as every edition of Marlowe must be, upon that of Mr. Dyce, and that in his introductory notice he sums up, briefly and agreeably, the few facts of Marlowe's life, quoting the eulogies of his contemporaries and of subsequent critics, but not adding, as indeed how should he? any new material. The book is handy, and well printed, upon paper of good quality and pleasant tone. The notes are thrown together at the end and indexed. Altogether, this volume is likely to be the most popular edition of the complete works of Marlowe.

From The Academy.

THE LOUVRE COLLECTION OF GEMS.*

THE collection in the Louvre of cups and vases cut out of rock crystal, or sardonyx and other semi-transparent stones, is, perhaps, the richest in existence, not excepting those of the Cabinet of Gems at Florence, and the Grüne Gewölbe and other treasure chambers in Germany. Arranged, with the enamels of Limoges, in the gorgeous Gallery of Apollo, it comprises the rarest specimens of the lapidary's art. Vases of precious materials formed, from the first centuries of the French monarchy, part of the royal treasures. The produce of Greece or Rome, they had been taken by the invaders of the Roman Empire, who had, in their turn, been deprived of their spoils by other barbarian tribes. That rock crystal was held as rare and curious is proved by the crystal ball deemed worthy to be interred in the tomb of the father of Charlemagne, together with—what a warrior most prized—his sword.

Again, the celebrated agate cup preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris, on which is sculptured the mysteries of Bacchus and Ceres, was the gift of Charles the Simple to the Abbey of St. Denis, and when Eleanor of Aquitaine was affianced to Louis le Jeune, her present to the king on her betrothal was a vase of crystal, the sides carved in a honey-comb pattern, which the minister Suger, a patron of art, caused to be mounted in silver gilt filigree, and enriched with precious stones. In the collec-

* Les Gemmes et Joyaux de la Couronne, par M. Barbet de Jouy. Paris, 1866-70. Follio.

tion are many other specimens belonging to the Abbé, a richly mounted cruet (*burette*), cut out of a single piece of sardonyx given to him by the king, and offered by Suger to the saints and martyrs, as an inscription round the foot sets forth.

Another, an ancient amphora of porphyry, probably of Egyptian workmanship, has been ingeniously mounted by Suger's workmen in the form of an eagle, intended probably as an evangelistic symbol.

There is also a representation given by M. Barbet de Jouy, of another ancient vessel, called the Vase of Mithridates, referring to the vases and cups of precious materials, enriched with precious stones, which formed part of the spoils carried in the triumph of Pompey, and which first introduced a passion for these costly vessels into Rome.

Passing over an interval of many centuries, the next period of the development of the lapidary's art is that of Louis XII. and Francis I. Rock crystal and jasper were then the chosen materials; oriental rock crystal was preferred from its purer water, but that of the Alps was extensively used, and Milan, where it was an article of commerce, had a school for engraving upon crystal. The Louvre collection is rich in specimens exquisitely engraved with subjects, others fashioned in the form of shells, birds, and various grotesque devices. The Italian artists of the school of Fontainebleau introduced a taste for mythological subjects, and we find the mounting and decoration of the cups, ewers, &c., of this period, all adorned with pagan deities. Cellini introduced coloured enamels combined with the metal mountings, and under the sons of Henry II., translucent enamels of ruby red, emerald green, and sapphire blue, were in favour. Under Henry IV. opaque enamels were added to the brilliant translucent gems of the Valois.

From the Renaissance the specimens are numerous, and mounted in the richest style of decoration, gold, enamels, and precious stones.

On a sardonyx cup of the 16th century, a cameo head of Elizabeth is introduced.

The Minerva cup has been so often represented as hardly to require alluding to — the head of the goddess in gold, gems and enamels, the helmet of onyx, surmounted by a winged dragon. This cup, resembling in its style of decoration the beautiful sardonyx ewer belonging to Mr. Beresford Hope, was abstracted from the crown jewels of France at the end of the last century.

But the time had come when the costly cups, ewers, drageoirs (sweetmeat boxes),

and vases of rock crystal, bloodstone, lapis-lazuli, and jasper, decorated by a Cellini or engraved by a Bernardi or a Misseroni, were to give place to the productions of Murano, to whom Europe became tributary, for two centuries, for her enamelled vases, and her glass with filigree ornaments and of graceful forms.

In the work before us, M. Barbet de Jouy, the learned conservator of the Louvre, describes the most characteristic pieces in the Louvre collection, and shows that many specimens attributed to Italian art were the work of French artists. The illustrations are by M. Jules Jacquemart, and no greater praise can be given to them than to pronounce them equal to his engravings for his father's ceramic works. While strictly preserving the form of each piece, he has so treated the materials of which the object represented is composed, whether it be the pellucid crystal or the semi-transparent onyx, as to give to each its original and peculiar character. In this point, M. J. Jacquemart is one of the most remarkable artists of the day.

Another number is wanting to complete this beautiful volume.

From Chambers' Journal.

ANACHRONISMS OF ARTISTS.

THE anachronisms of painters and sculptors must be divided into those which are purely unconscious, and those which are conscious and deliberate. The latter have their root in the fashion and prejudice of the age or the school of the anachronist. Thus, the neo-classical artists of the renaissance and of the eighteenth century, and the neo-medieval painters of the modern German art-colony in Rome and of England, opposed as they are to each other, agree in a common disrespect for their own age, and in a common taste for reproducing the characteristic of their ideal epochs. Think of Dr. Johnson as he stands represented in St. Paul's Cathedral. His brawny arms, broad chest, and herculean legs are naked; he has no shoes on his feet! He has apparently got out of bed in the middle of the night, merely throwing a blanket around him, to keep out the cold. It must have been after some indulgence in such an attitude and such a dress as this (for the statue represents nothing else that he ever did or said), that he was compelled to write the lines —

But me, alas! to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny confines!

The only way by which the sculptor could redeem such a statue of an eighteenth-century scholar from anachronism would be to carve a folded coat, waistcoat, and breeches as a cushion for his elbow on the pillar upon which he is leaning.

The painters have been always the first to disentangle themselves from the bonds of a technical anachronism. The fact that they have the service of colour as well as of form at their beck makes it comparatively easy for them to do; but the sculptor, who has only form and light and shade (for colour if he had it, would in this case give him no help), is still unwilling to give up the dignified vestments of the Greek and Roman. He can indeed use with satisfaction any kind of male or female dress which arranges itself into long and flowing lines, or which reveals the human figure, and affords occasion for exhibiting good anatomy. The modern dresses of Western Europe must be of necessity a perpetual torment to him. Long-lined dresses are eschewed, on account of the dirty streets and muddy roads through which the wearers have to drag them, and the *impedimenta* which they prove to that quick progress which civilized life demands from every one. The priest first tucked up his cassock, then permanently shortened it, and at last restricted it to the peg in the vestry. The undergraduate and the lawyer cast off their gowns the moment they are off duty. The trouser (invented, as old gentlemen of our younger days used to say, to hide bandy legs) has cruelly robbed the sculptor of that anatomical outline of the leg which the breeches of the past generation still permitted him to render. At the present day, if he is to be free from all anachronism, he must represent his hero, so far as costume is concerned, as a well-made tailor's block. He is driven to put what genius he has into the face, the hands, and the poise and attitude of his subject. It is well for him, indeed, if his subject be a judge, or a mayor, or a peer, or a Knight of the Garter, or any other occasional wearer of a long and flowing robe.

A pictorial anachronism was inoffensive to the eye and the mind of its observer in the middle ages. The heroes and heroines of Holy Scripture and of hagiology were, of course, represented in the dress which the artist saw daily before his eyes in church, or hall, or court-yard, or market-place. This, at least, was one way of suggesting to the beholders that the patriarchs and apostles were men like themselves, of like passions and temptations. The changes of fashion were slower than they are now. Travel into Scripture lands was not followed by the pub-

lication of illustrated books, and the travellers had not the sense we have of this unchanging character of manners and fashion in the East. It was indeed the sense of a most tremendous change, a kind of upheaving of the whole past, which first carried Western Christians in great multitudes to the East; the East, the home of the Faith, had become Infidel. The Crusaders saw the life of the biblical lands daily before them in all its conservative completeness; but they would hardly desire to see that life pictorially reproduced in their books of devotion and their church pictures. The East had become, to their mind, alien from the God of the Bible and the old saints of the Bible; and it would have seemed theologically false, and a kind of pictorial denial of the faith once delivered to the saints, to represent Joshua and Gideon as Saracen knights, or Abraham and Jacob as miscreant (that is, Mohammedan) sheiks. Joshua and Gideon were enemies of God's enemies, and could therefore only be truly represented by a devout painter in the forms of true Christian knights. For the same reason, a Jewish priest is habited as a Christian priest, and the Jewish high-priest as a Christian bishop. The similarity between the pictures of Annas or Caiaphas and the living bishops whom the people saw in their churches, led to the interchange of the terms "chief-priest" and "bishop" in the miracle-plays: the soldiers who seize our Lord in the garden, and drag him before Annas and Caiaphas, always address the two high-priests "Sir Bushoppes;" and in the rubric, or stage direction, they are also called "the bishops." The successors of Aaron and the Christian bishops are identical in appearance. Even so far back as Eli, the old high-priest is represented wearing an episcopal mitre, cope, and gloves, in a picture of the dedication of the child Samuel in Mr. Boxall's *Spectulum*.

The want of travel, or the want of any other than verbal pictures from those who had travelled, was a cause of many anachronisms. If a city was mentioned in Holy Scripture, and the painter had to represent any part of it, he would put into his background a faithful photograph of whatever city he knew best. This anachronism has proved of some value to us, as M. Haussmann has shewn in his great folios on the history of Paris, who gives copies of French illuminations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in which Paris does duty for Jerusalem. There is a miniature of the shepherds receiving the tidings of the birth of Christ, in which the Seine, the tower of the Temple, the Church of St. Jean-en-Grève, and the Petit Chatelet are translated into

Judea. The early monastic artist would read in the book of Genesis that Rebekah came from Padan-aram on a camel, and alighted from the camel's back the moment she saw Isaac. This meeting has always been a favourite subject with artists. But what is a camel? the monastic painter asked himself. He had never seen one, nor even a picture of one. He gathered from the Bible that it was a beast of burden, and so took as his model for the unknown beast the horse or the ass, which were the only beasts of burden he had ever seen. It was at least a safer plan than that of Mr. Longfellow's German, who, when he had to write a description of a camel, having never seen one, sat down to evolve the idea out of the depths of his consciousness. So we have illuminations of Isaac hurrying to help down Rebekah from her horse or donkey.

The medieval artists were far more studious and conscientious than we generally think them, for we look superficially upon their quaint mistakes. The means of knowing truth from falsehood which are open to us were closed to them, but they often sought hard for science and knowledge, and used whatever they found. Their odd conscientiousness is sometimes evidenced in the comical literalness of their conceptions. A modern caricaturist has made "*Britannia rule the waves*" with a pencil and ruler; and this is hardly less absurd than some of the representations made by the monastic artists in all seriousness. To picture the blessing of the seventh day, they make six figures stand in front of the Almighty, while a seventh stoops down and receives a sacerdotal benediction (such as the painter saw given from the church altar) from the Creator's uplifted hand. To illustrate the moving of the Spirit "upon the face of the waters," the sea is actually drawn as a great human face, the waves forming its flowing hair and its beard. That we may understand the charge of the Creator to the first man, to "dress the garden and keep it" (*custodiret* in the Vulgate, which was of course the only text-book of these artists), they shew us a picture of our Saviour handing to Adam a well-made spade and—a bunch of keys!

In all these absurdities there is an innocent conscientiousness. They wished their pictures to convey the truth, and to be exact representatives to the eye of the thought which the Scripture conveyed by words to the ear. This conscientiousness began later to show itself in the gradual adoption of such historical truth as opened before the artist through travel, or through ancient monuments, or through a more critical

study of the Bible text, until we find no more Moabites, Jews, or Romans dressed like Italians or Germans of the middle ages. It is easy to trace the development of the honest attempt of artists to synchronize their pictures; the first germ of a scientific historical art is shewn by adoption of costume and scenery which do not appear in the traditional models. Herod the Great had a body-guard, they hear, of Gauls and Germans: on Trajan's Column, the Italian painters at least had some means of knowing how Gallic and Dacian soldiers were clothed; accordingly, in a picture of the "Massacre of the Innocents," we find the murdering soldiery are dressed after these old bas-reliefs. In others, Herod as a Paynim king, is turbaned like a Turk. Angelico da Fiesole clothes Herod as a Christian king of the middle ages, while his soldiers are habited after the antique Roman model. Giorgione, recognizing in the Egypt of his own day a Mohammedan nation, has (in his "Choice of Moses.") dressed Pharaoh and his counsellors like Turks; all are turbaned, though their physiognomy is too western to harmonize with their costume. In a picture seen by Captain Burton in the cathedral of Goa, Pontius Pilate, although an undoubted Roman, wears a huge Turkish turban.

In a "Nebuchadnezzar's Dream" of a Speculum of the fifteenth century, the king is lying in bed with his crown on—enough to make any man dream. The anachronism is double; for, first, no king ever yet put on such a hard unwieldy night-cap before going to sleep; and secondly, no king of Babylon slept in a medieval bedstead under a load of bed-clothes. But we see at once why the artist painted the crown; any contemporary might otherwise have taken it for a picture of a nobleman of his own age in bed, as fit for a book of romances as for a Speculum of salvation; especially as the dream-man hacking at the dream-tree, which is disturbing the sleeper's mind, is a husbandman of the fifteenth century.

Albert Dürer's woodcuts of the Passion have been so widely popularized by copies that we only remind the reader that in them the Roman soldiers of Pilate are dressed like soldiers of the Holy Roman Empire, in the same costume as Retsch adopted for Faust, Mephistopheles, and the German gentleman in his clever but mannered outlines, which Mr. Selous has also, for some unknown reason, adopted as the proper dress of Christian and Faithful in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Dürer saw imperial soldiers every day; they called the emperor they served the successor of Tiberius, and

this was the dress they wore. The anachronism of the medieval painters offends us the less, because they always give beauty, or dignity, or delicacy to the sacred characters. If they are copies of the persons about them, they are wonderfully refined and de-sensitized copies. In the earliest and the most ill-drawn, there is little to disgust the pious beholder, or to degrade the subject. The same cannot be said of the Dutch and Flemish painters. They, too, outrageously anachronize Holy Writ; but the stout and sprawling dames of Rubens, and the coarse boors of Rembrandt, have not the slightest ideal affinity with the chaste and dignified saint they are meant to represent. Goethe has admirably said, that if Raphael were to paint peasants in an inn, he could not help making them look like apostles; while Teniers could not prevent the persons he would paint for apostles from being taking for Dutch peasants. The fashionable realist may say that Teniers is probably nearer the truth, and that his peasants may be something like the actual apostles; but we should nearly all say these drinking Dutch look very "un-apostolical;" those dignified and thoughtful men look "apostolical." Our patience or impatience at any manifest anachronism depends upon its moral and intellectual spirit. Mrs. Jameson tells us that she has seen a clever picture by an unknown painter of the P. Veronese school in which Isaac is represented as a gay Venetian cavalier. Can one imagine a grosser parody upon the most peaceful and quiet of the patriarchs, the meditative and retiring young man who went out to meditate in the fields at eventide! An earlier painter, though he would have made Isaac's dress equally anachronistic, would shock us less, for he would have drawn the spirit of his subject from the study of the book of Genesis.

Not the least astonishing anachronism in the medieval painters is the perfection which they attribute to the mechanical arts at a very early period. The handsome spade and the bunch of keys which we have seen our Lord presenting to Adam, must, we conclude, have been manufactured by angels. It may be that the presentation is a painted sermon, preaching that the origin of human arts is from God; but it is curious that the angels should have anticipated the shape of spades and the pattern of keys in medieval Europe. Adam's spade, however, is nothing of a wonder when it is compared with his household furniture and his baronial castle, for the illuminators enrich him with both. I have seen a settee with turned columns, excellent carving, and decorated

earthenware tiles, upon which Adam and Eve sat down, side by side, to weep over the dead body of Abel. What loom wove, and what tailor shaped and sewed, their long and beautifully made garments? In Raphael's picture of the "First Family," familiar through its many copies, Adam holds a kind of rude adze: the painter recognizes no flint period, for its head is plainly of metal. The glorious meditative fallen Adam of Milan Cathedral is more fitly holding a stone-headed adze. In the pictures of the Eastern churches, Cain is slaying Abel with a dagger; in the West, his weapon of murder is usually a club; sometimes, however (perhaps with a reference to the proto-martyr of the New Testament), he is painted in the act of stoning his brother to death. Cain and Abel are generally well-dressed men in early illuminations. Lady Eastlake gives the copy of a picture in which Adam's elaborate Gothic castle or mansion forms the background to the figures of the two brothers.

A common instance of anachronism with a purpose is to be seen in many pictures of St. Jerome. The great Latin Father is generally painted reading or praying in his cave, the skin of some beast his only clothing; but in some corner of the cell, in odd contrast to the general wildness of the picture, we discern the well-made red hat of a cardinal. Such a hat was never seen in this world until St. Jerome had been dead at least eight centuries; and it is needless to say that he was a very different cardinal from Cardinal Wolsey, or Cardinal Richelieu, or Cardinal Antonelli. The ascetic doctor would have thought it a sin to put such a gay tasselled thing upon his head, and the untaught might be excused for supposing that it represents those pomps and vanities of the world which he has renounced. Hartley Coleridge discovered a moral purpose in the anachronistic representation of early persecutors as Spanish bishops and inquisitors in the pictures in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*.* I have seen some of the Abyssinian church offices brought home by our soldiers after the war; they contain the most curious anachronisms. St. John the Evangelist is figured (as Mr. Carzon long ago described in his *Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant*, in some of which Mr. Tozer found Abyssinian monks in his recent visit) with woolly hair; and he even bears on each side of his face the two indelible gashes, with which the Gallas mark their

* In a picture of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, which is dated 258 A.D., in the reign of the Emperor Valerian, a Spanish bishop is presiding as chief persecutor.

faces, hearts, and arms. Long before the Abyssinian war broke out, in his first edition of his *Wanderings amongst the Falashas*, Mr. Stern described the famous picture of the "Passage of the Red Sea" in the Church Kudus Yohannes, in which the children of Israel wear the British uniform and carry muskets on their shoulders! The church was indebted for this picture to a gentleman who accompanied the mission of Captain Harris to the court of Shoa; but whether this amateur painter committed the anachronism out of ignorance or out of mischievous impudence, does not appear.

From The Spectator.

THE RIDERLESS WAR-HORSES.

IN almost the last letter written by Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton from the seat of war before his untimely death, there was a passage which strikes us as describing one of the most pathetic of all the incidents of war, though the pathos of it relates, not to the human belligerents, but to their only active allies in the animal world, the horses. A Prussian hussar, who had got off his horse to carry water to two wounded and dying comrades, was killed, with the poor soldiers he was relieving, by a shell, in the very act of pouring the water down the throat of one of them, and just then his regiment moved off, his empty horse following in the ranks, — whereupon Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton remarked: — "Only those who have seen a battle-field can form a notion of the extraordinary way in which the horses, as long as they have a leg to crawl on, will follow the regiment to which they belong. I saw what evidently had been sergeants' horses keeping their position in rear of their squadron, wheeling with it, and halting exactly as if their riders were on their backs, and all the time streaming with blood. Poor creatures! they are indeed to be pitied, for they have neither Vaterland, promotion, nor the coveted medal to think of, whatever may be the issue; and few indeed are there which have been in action which have not some honourable scars to show." Again, the *German Post* relates, "that after the slaughter at Vionville, on the 18th of August, a strange and touching spectacle was presented. On the evening call being sounded by the 1st Regiment of Dragoons of the

Guard, 602 riderless horses answered to the summons, jaded, and in many cases maimed. The noble animals still retained their disciplined habits." The image of these poor riderless, bleeding creatures going through their drill to the last with punctilious precision, without any regard to the absence of the only hands which could have enforced the duty, and in utter unconsciousness that with the loss of their riders the reason for their evolutions had disappeared, strikes us as one of the most pitiful, though, of course, far from the most grievous, of the incidents of the battle-field. The poor things themselves, of course, suffered no more — probably rather less — from their works of military supererogation, than they would have suffered if, with the same wounds, they had been bearing about their proper riders; and yet there is something that touches the heart much more in this evidence of complete failure to apprehend their part in the system of things to which they belonged, in connection with their unremitting efforts to discharge to the utmost of their failing powers a task the object of which had ceased to exist. It excites a less degree of the same kind of pity which we feel for alienation of mind, when the sufferer diligently makes preparation every day at the same hour for the comfort of one who is long dead. Of course, there is in it none of the contrast between undying love and dead intellectual power, which makes scenes of the latter kind so profoundly pathetic. But then, on the other hand, there is a contrast between the admirable fortitude and discipline of which an animal like the horse is capable, and the entire absence of any of those intellectual or moral roots to fortitude and discipline which have fed them in human character, going beyond the analogy even of alienation of mind. That the implanted lessons given by man, and the new sense of collective order they have conveyed, although they have never carried their own drift and meaning with them, should triumph so completely over the animal impulses of pain and lassitude, and this, too, when there is no one left to appeal to the creature's spirit and command its obedience, fills us with pity, probably because it gives us so vivid a picture of a creature whose characteristic nature is far more than touched, absolutely controlled and exalted, by the influences of a higher life — in which, nevertheless, it can reach to no full or satisfying participation.

From The Spectator.

THE CONSCIENCE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE question whether the Ex-Emperor of the French has been gifted with a conscience, and if so, what it is like, what he has done to give it keenness of nerve, in what fashion he has blunted its power of communicating with his brain, or in what degree he has listened to its promptings, threatens to take its place among the riddles of history, and to perplex the moralists of the future. On the one side stand the eulogists of the Emperor, who hold all his acts to be so many signs of wisdom, and of a wish to live for the good of his country. Such men laud him as the best Sovereign that ever ruled over France; pronounce the *coup d'état* to have been dictated by the necessity of saving France from anarchy; and, in a word, see in the Ex-Emperor, not only the most sagacious man of his time, but also one of the best. On the other side stands a phalanx of satirists represented by Victor Hugo. The only colour on the palette of those artists is lamp black. Morally they paint the Ex-Emperor as dark as a negro, array him in the livery of the Devil, and then invoke the execration of history. Between the poles of blind eulogy and equally blind denunciation stand a crowd of critics, who confess that they do not know what to make of the man, and in that puzzled corps we find M. Renan. Writing on the political state of France, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, this subtle critic has said:—"The character of the Emperor Napoleon III. is a problem on which, even when we shall possess data which are now beyond our reach, we must express ourselves with much caution. Few historic subjects will stand so much in need of retouching; and if, within fifty years, we have no critic as profound as M. Sainte Beuve, as conscientious, as careful not to efface contradictions, but to explain them, the Emperor Napoleon III. will never be rightly judged." M. Renan's historical studies must force him to view with profound suspicion the verdicts which the mass of people pronounce on those types of men whose mental and moral organization is marked by subtlety of thought and motive. In real life a Hamlet would never be understood. His vacillation, the intricacy of the path by which his mind travels from motive to deed, and the aberrations from what might seem to be the normal orbit of action, would all puzzle that vast class of persons who shape their life at the dictate of a few plain maxims, and do not see, or even suspect, that

outside their own little world of duty there lies a whole universe of right and wrong.

It would not be difficult for a subtle critic to write a plausible defence of all the worst acts done by Louis Napoleon. As hard a task was undertaken by Mr. Froude when he accepted a brief for Henry VIII.; a harder task had been accepted by Mr. Lewes in his defence of Nero; and, by the side of De Quincey's apology for Judas Iscariot, an apology for the author of the *coup d'état* might seem trivial. The first count in the indictment would be, that Prince Louis tried to make France rise in rebellion against Louis Philippe; but many good men have stirred up rebellions for good causes, and it might be plausibly argued that the Prince had a good cause when he sought to replace a Government which was essentially ignoble, by a Government which, in accordance with the traditions of the great Emperor, should give France glory abroad and prosperity at home. Again, the Prince broke the oath which he swore as President of the Republic, and destroyed that Republic which he had sworn to maintain. But the question whether political oaths are as obligatory as personal, and whether circumstances may not destroy their binding force, is one of the most difficult problems in the whole range of ethics. By her coronation oath our own Queen was bound to maintain the Protestant religion in Ireland no less than in England; but when Parliament decreed that the Protestant Church of Ireland should be disestablished, she felt that, as respects Ireland, the people had released her from the vow, and that they had the power to grant such a dispensation; nor will the soundness of her judgment be impugned, except by the blindest bigotry. All the members of the French Army took an oath of allegiance to the Emperor, which the remnants of the force are now keeping by lending allegiance to the Republic. The same oath was taken by M. Gambetta and M. Jules Favre, who were the first to proclaim the downfall of the Empire, and the establishment of a Republic. Prince Louis, it is true, excused the breach of his oath on the plea that the National Assembly was filled with persons who strove by their plots to paralyze the authority which he had received from the people; and M. de Tocqueville asserted not only that the statement was untrue, but that the Prince knew it to be untrue. Yet the word of the philosopher, although valuable as a proof that the members of the Assembly had not entered into a plot, does not prove that the President said what he himself knew to be

false. Perhaps he really fancied that if he did not strike down the Assembly, that body would strike down him. At last, M. de Montalembert, the most religious of men, feared so much that the action of the Assembly would bring anarchy to France and desolation to the Church, that he sang the praises of the author of the *coup d'état* as the man who "had put to flight the whole of the Revolutionists, the whole of the Socialists, and the whole of the bandits of France and Europe." The same devotee warned the religious men of France that "to vote against Louis Napoleon would be to invite the dictatorship of the Reds, in place of the dictatorship of a Prince who had rendered for three years incomparable service to the cause of order and catholicism." And even if we assume that Louis Napoleon did tell a lie to the French people, he would, alas! not stand alone among the political men whom the world has agreed to honour. Cavour told a lie to the Italian Parliament when he solemnly declared that he had not ceded an inch of Italian territory to the Emperor of the French. On the subject of political lies, a subtle casuist might discourse for a year, and might plausibly argue that no statesman ever tells the real truth to a popular assembly; but glosses over ugly facts, or leaves false impressions by means of evasive sentences. Pitt's whole system of oratory was a system of rhetorical lying. A Queen's Speech might be described as an ungrammatical lie, if anybody expected such a document to tell the truth. The Prince-President however, not only told a lie; but shot down the people in the streets of Paris because, by erecting barricades and firing muskets, some few Parisians showed that they did not believe his words. But, perhaps, it was the subordinates of the President who were responsible for the massacre; or, perhaps, the massacre was unavoidable, and the shooting of innocent wives and children was only a "misfortune," like the burning alive of the women and children in the village of Bezeilles the other day, when the Bavarians opened fire on the houses for strategic reasons; or, perhaps, — there is no end of the "perhappes" which might flow from the pen of a clever casuist who had been trained in the school of Loyola. The prisoners taken in the street fight, however, were shot down by scores in cold blood a full day after the battle had ceased; and surely the President must bear the responsibility of those wholesale and deliberate murders, surely they will cover his name with infamy until the end of time. "Not necessarily," might be the reply of

the casuist, "for they may have been done by De Morny and Persigny, without the authority, or even the knowledge, of the man whom they called their master. The evidence is too scanty to allow of our accurately deciding the guilt. As M. Renan says we must wait for our facts and our *Sainte Beuve*." But, again, the Emperor declared war against Prussia on grounds which the whole civilized world pronounced to be a mere pretext. He declared war to save his dynasty. He deliberately sacrificed the lives of hundreds of thousands, and he brought misery to a million homes, rather than permit the throne of France to slip from the grasp of himself and his son. "But," replies the casuist, "that is an assumption which no court of law would receive as evidence. France wished for war; and even such French statesmen as M. Thiers, who held the causes assigned for the present war to be insufficient, would gladly have welcomed a war with Germany if it had been waged to prevent her from becoming the rival of France, and been declared at a time when France was prepared to strike. Nay, it was the insane jealousy with which the French people regarded a united Germany, and their immoral passion for *la gloire*, that forced the Emperor to attack the Prussian troops. He was not his own master. He was forced to go with the stream. He went with it sorely against his will, and saddened by the presentiment that he was going to meet political death. Thus he has been the victim of circumstances."

Such are the pleas with which a clever casuist might defend Louis Napoleon at the bar of morality, and the case would give room for the display of wonderful subtlety. A casuist of the school assailed by Pascal would delight to hold a brief for the defence. He would delight to undertake the task, for the same reason that a dexterous surgeon might glow with pleasure when about to execute an operation demanding such consummate delicacy and boldness of stroke that the life of the patient would be lost if the scalpel were to go a hair's breadth too deep into the mass of flesh and tissue. The casuist would delight to hold a brief in the cause of Morality v. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, because the evidence against the prisoner at the bar seems so strong, and the verdict of guilty so sure. And the arguments by which he would seek to turn the point of the evidence, or to secure a mitigation of sentence, are precisely such as a skilful Old Bailey practitioner would employ to defend a man who had not only committed a murder, but had been so unfortunate as to

be caught in the act. Such answers as we have suggested to the impeachment of Louis Napoleon are precisely similar to the pleas that might be suggested in favour of Bill Sykes. Caligula could be defended on similar grounds; so could Fouquier Tinville; so, whatever may have been the opinion of Macaulay, could Barrère; and so could that paragon of activity and filial piety, Troppmann, who killed a whole French family in order to provide for his poor relations.

However, it is a weary task to shriek out accusations against the Ex-Emperor; the task of interest is to understand the man, by looking into what he is pleased to call his conscience, as we should look into a curious watch, that always revealed its presence by loud ticking, and always told a lie about the time of day. The real explanation of his acts is, we believe, to be found in the theory by which Prevost-Paradol accounts for the moral aberrations of the First Napoleon. In perhaps the most remarkable passage ever penned by the unhappy journalist, it is contended that the great Napoleon wrote on the page of history an everliving record of selfish ambition and gigantic crime, not because he was morally worse than the mass of men, but because in point of intellect he was immeasurably greater. Morally, Napoleon I. was an average man,—that is to say, he was selfish enough to prefer himself and his family to the nation, which had cast itself at his feet, and given its destiny into his keeping. He did, on a vast scale, what is done on a small by the average British Philistine, who fancies that to make one's family comfortable, and to pay one's rates, and to undersell one's neighbour is the whole duty of man. But the average British Philistine is so wretchedly endowed with brain, and so incapable of following any train of thought to its logical result, that he cannot conceive any aims grander than those of the counting-house, or any code of right and wrong other than that furnished by the parson. Thus his selfishness has little room to act. He is like a cow tethered in a field of clover, and with a bandage over its eyes, so that it cannot stray beyond a small circle, or see that the sweet clover stretches far beyond its little orbit in a billowy expanse of green. If the ordinary British Philistine were as richly endowed with intellect as with selfishness, these islands would be made uninhabitable in a week, and the children of light would be forced to beg that Von Moltke would smite the Philistines "from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same."

But the Philistine is so delightfully stupid as to be one of those good members of society who make a fortune, and live respectably, or, at the worst die in the odour of sanctity and pecuniary debt. Napoleon the Great, on the other hand, added the selfishness of a Philistine to the intellect of a Titan. He was a monster, not because he lacked a conscience, but, as Prevost-Paradol justly indicates, because the strength of his conscience bore no relation to the strength of his brain. His aim was to make himself the first man in all the world, and then, let us not doubt, to give the world such justice of law, such success of commerce, such breadth of culture, and such grandeur of aim as it had never known before. All things were to be done for mankind, if only mankind would permit the work to be executed by Napoleon, and only allow the glory to be his. All things must be done by him, whatever might be the cost in tears and blood. And, indeed, how trivial must the tears and blood of a few million people, during one paltry generation, have seemed to a Napoleon, with his eyes forecasting the results of a thousand years, and a time when history should speak of Napoleon in the same breath with Cæsar and Charlemagne! It was as natural for such a man to waste a million lives as it is for a British Philistine to effect a huge transaction on the Stock Exchange, and thus to beggar his neighbour, if he receive early intelligence of the fact that France has declared war against Prussia, or that the army of Marshal MacMahon has capitulated at Sedan. The Philistine cannot understand how a Napoleon can be so wicked, for precisely the same reason as he cannot understand Kant's "Philosophy of the Unconditioned." He fails to follow the windings, and the impulses, and the flights of a Satanic intellect, not because he himself is too pure to have a sympathetic comprehension of the promptings of evil, but because he is too unimaginative to conceive crimes of Napoleonic grandeur, and too stupid to follow the reflective process of a Napoleonic brain. And yet there have been Philistines whose own career in the world of commerce had somewhat of a Napoleonic sweep. There have been speculators for whom the world has seemed too small. And as railway, or as cotton, or as stock-jobbing kings, those men have been mighty conquerors, with grand aims and without scruples, the artificers of colossal work, and the authors of the ruin which has fallen on a million homes. Such men, if they were able to analyze the motives by which they have been driven from the slum of the huckster

to the throne of the commercial dictator, could reveal with terrible vividness the temptations that lure on a Bonaparte from the position of a humble citizen of the Republic to that of an autocrat. Such men are seized with the idea that it would be a magnificent feat to bridge the Channel, since the link would make France and England friends for ever, and since, before all things, the iron highway from island to continent would give undying fame and boundless power to him by whom it should be executed. So, in season and out of season, the plans are thrust on the notice of the world. The world is careless; it must be stimulated by eloquent prophecies. It is sceptical; it must be convinced by facts. It is dull of comprehension; the facts must be arrayed in the garb of that rhetoric which uses adjectives only of the superlative degree. The world fails to see the meaning of facts; it must be taught truth by means of lies. It does not know its own interest; so it must be treated like a baby by the Napoleon of the Stock Exchange. And yet one day the Napoleon finds that, in spite of all his good intentions, the mighty scheme for binding nations together by means of iron rods has signally failed; that the sea has washed the fabric away; that his schemes have driven a thousand families to eat the bread of charity or toil; and that, strange as the fact may seem, he, the Napoleon of his age, is pursued into exile by the curses of those to whom he meant to be a second Providence.

Thus we get a clue to the nature of the man who, after destroying the French Republic, and ruling France for twenty years with sagacity and success, plunged into the most foolish as well as the most unprovoked war recorded in modern history, and ended his career in the mightiest capitulation known to military annals. The personal ability of Napoleon III. has been exaggerated by his admirers. He does not stand on the same plane as his uncle, to whom nature had given one of those originating and organizing brains which she fashions once in a thousand years. Nor, in diplomatic subtlety, fertility of resource, or sagacious audacity of plan, is he the equal of such men as Cavour and Bismarck. But he acquired immense power from the profound study of one political system, and the fanatical belief in one political idea. He was a Bonapartist by conviction as well as by blood. The worship of his uncle's name, and the study of his uncle's plans, had taught him to regard the system of Imperialism with some such faith as the devotee regards the mission of the Church. In Imperialism he found a re-

ligion, and in his uncle a Messiah. He worshipped at the shrine of Napoleon, and the one aim of his life was to ride into supreme power over France on the wings of his uncle's fame, his uncle's system of government, his uncle's schemes for universal peace. He found Louis Philippe in the way, but why should he permit his way to be blocked by a man who was the type of *bourgeois* vulgarity, and whose aims were desperately common-place; whose crowning ambition was to enrich his family, and whose parade of love for the plebeians was so hollow that, as Heine sarcastically said, he always used the same old dirty glove to cover the hand with which he shook the hands of his unwashed subjects? Louis Philippe must be put out of the way. So must the Republic, with its blustering, its quarrelling, and its inability to comprehend the grandeur of the scheme which had been unfolded by Prince Louis Bonaparte in the comments on the ideas of his uncle. A *coup d'état* must be effected, and the Republic must bear the blame of the unfortunate necessity. The subsequent massacre was an unhappy incident; but the Republic must bear the blame of that too; Persigny had sworn to that fact with abundant gusto. If untruths must be told and lives sacrificed, in order to found the Empire, the plan, after all, had the warrant of all time. For, whatever might be said by the theologians, evil had uniformly been done in order to bring forth good. That was Nature's plan; that was the only plan open to a great statesman; and that should be the plan of Louis Napoleon. When men talked of morality, he asked what they meant, and showed, by a small expenditure of subtlety, that they were building houses upon the sand. It was easy for so able a man to demolish the foundations of the Philistine morality, and easy to laugh at the bugbears which the priests had instilled into his wife, — a passion for masses as well as for crinoline. And, moreover, the system of Imperialism would shower such abundant blessings on France and Europe as could never rain down from the arid sky of a Republic or a Monarchy. Italy should be free and united; Mexico should be a great Empire, the representative in America of the Latin races, and the rival of the United States; while France should be made as rich as England by the influences of free-trade. The scheme did not lack grandeur; it lacked nothing but justice and truth. It forgot but one thing — the existence of a moral law. It has failed, as all such schemes will fail in a world of freedom. A high priest of the religion of Selfishness, Louis

Napoleon now expiates in exile the sins which he committed in the day when the magic of his uncle's name, and the worship of his uncle's system, gave him such power as comes, perhaps, only once in a generation to any of the children of men.

From The Economist.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

THE movement reported from Australia in favour of federation has, we imagine, the full consent of the Colonial Office, even if it was not suggested from this side, and we trust that as it advances it will receive the warm support of the English public. From any possible point of view except one the federation of these colonies will be an advantage to themselves, to Great Britain, and the world. It might be a disadvantage if Great Britain ever contemplated the idea of holding them by force, but as that is given up even by the strongest Imperialists the objection may be dismissed without discussion. Federation will be an advantage to the Australians themselves, because it will introduce into their politics just that amount of complication which is necessary to produce statesmen. The defect of colonial politics as a training school for Government is a certain simplicity, or — to take a phrase from a different region of thought — a certain lowness of type, as of an organism not yet fully developed. The colonists have no frontiers, no foreign affairs, no external yet ever present restraining influence; they have no one to consult but themselves, nothing to fear except a change in local public opinion. The consequence is that, like Anglo-Indians, they become very clever but very narrow reasoners, think much too little of obstacles, and are apt to grow into vehement doctrinaires of the parochial kind. Federation does much to correct all this. The relations between the provinces and the Central Government soon require delicate adjustment, self-restraint, a habit of regarding circumstances other than those of the immediate locality, which all tend to widen men's minds, and take them out of an otherwise narrow groove. The sense of immense and general responsibilities solemnizes politicians, while the same sense in a

different form enlarges the view of their electors, tempts them to overlook petty drawbacks in their representatives, and gradually fosters that first of political virtues, a readiness to make sacrifices. For instance, a central Government in Australia would very soon require the control and the produce of the Customs, now the sheet-anchor of Australian taxation. Hence a new and a higher view of the pressure inflicted by tariffs, a readiness to endure direct taxation, and a new and much-wanted appreciation of the uses of economy. The pride of nationality moreover, sure to spring up in a federation with a special name and a separate place in the world, is an element in political culture, and so is the sense of community with other and allied States situated in the same region, united by similar interests, and having for a common object equal burdens. The Australians have hitherto had none of these things, their relation to England having been too much that of the grown-up child to its parent — that is, no disciplinary relation at all, except in extreme cases recurring but once in a generation. Then federation is better for England, because the colonies must either be allies or dependents, and in either case an increase in their power must be an addition to ours. This is peculiarly the case in Australia, which is clearly adapted by its position to become a great maritime State; to maintain fleets rather than armies; to perform, in fact, functions which can be performed effectively only by considerable Powers. Any country can have an army if it will put its whole people into the field, but only a country of a certain width of resource can keep an armed fleet at sea. Ireland could maintain a great army, but not great squadrons. And finally the experiment must, in the long run, be beneficial to the world. It is impossible to glance at the map and not see that the work of "exploiting," civilizing, and, may be, of conquering the Southern half of the shattered Continent, which we call the Indian Archipelago, with its magnificent islands, savage races, and tropical products, must fall ultimately to the rulers of the Australian Continent, that we are too far off, Holland too weak, and all other nations too occupied or too indifferent. That great task will be much facilitated by the creation of a central Government.

From The Economist.

DO THE CONDITIONS REQUISITE FOR A STABLE GOVERNMENT EXIST IN FRANCE?

THE new Government in France was made according to custom. By long and painful experience, France has attained what may be called a routine in revolutions. First, the old Government breaks down, and everyone sees it must fall; then the sitting Assembly — the *Corps Législatif*, the *Chambre des Députés*, or whatever be the name at the time — votes that the Government shall go and begins to occupy itself with the various substitutes; it entertains such and such motions, and hears this or that speech upon the subject; when all at once the mob of Paris rushes in — expels both speakers and hearers, and names a Provisional Government such as suits it, or rather such as suits the views and wishes of the leaders who have, for the time being, the command of it. This process has been repeated so often that Paris expects it, and France yields to it; but, unhappily, this is not the end of the series. After a short interval, the Government, thus nominated by the mob of Paris, quarrels with that mob. The Government, as a Government, wishes to keep law and order, and then it becomes opposed to the mob which wants something else than law and order. The mob was urged to name the new Government by strong passions and vague hopes; in a few days it finds those hopes still distant, and those passions still ungratified; it soon begins to hate its own creature, in a little while after it is in arms against it. Every Government thus nominated by an insurrection is soon presented with the inevitable problem — shall we yield to a second insurrection which wants to put new rulers in our place, or shall we resist it by force? The mob-named Government has to ask itself — shall we yield to the mob or shall we resign? As long as Governments yield to the mob the Revolution continues; whenever the Government begins to coerce the mob the reaction commences. And that reaction, according to its strength, continues perhaps months, perhaps years, till a new opportunity comes, a new mob succeeds, and a new revolution begins. The Empire which has now fallen was but the end of a strong reaction caused by the terror of a long revolution. Is there reason to hope that the new Republic will be more lasting than its predecessors — that the French nation has reached the end of its many changes, or is materially nearer to it?

To this question we fear the answer that is much the most likely to be right is the negative. Events often confound probab-

ity, especially in France (and we shall be glad to be wrong); but still every appearance shows that Europe has not now to deal with the permanent Government in France, but only with one of many ephemeral Governments — that the Republic is not to be counted on for duration any more than its predecessors — that, perhaps, the pre-requisites of a stable Government do not exist in France, and that if they do they are very difficult to find and satisfy.

The commonest aid to stability — an ancient Government resting on recognized dignity and ineradicable veneration — it is plain the French have not and cannot have. After eighty years of change their scene of politics is still a *tabula rasa*. They have had eleven Governments in that time, with their average duration of seven years each, and such an experience is fatal to hereditary veneration. The mass of the English people obey Queen Victoria without knowing why or wishing to know why, and England is coherent because they do so. The only approach to such a feeling in France was loyalty to the Empire. Much, very much, may be said against the first Napoleon, but after all this remains — that scarcely any character and scarcely any career were more fitted to awaken and to live in the popular imagination. The French peasantry knew of nothing before and thought of nothing after him. The second Napoleon had no similar glorious qualities; but he had more homely attractions. For eighteen years he gave all Frenchmen — all peasants and all working men — a greater amount of happiness than any one before him. Though not fit to attract a race, it seemed as if he was exactly fit to rivet a race before attracted. But now that is over; the happiness of the Empire is turned into pain, and its glory into ignominy. The surrender of Sedan will be remembered as long as "the sun of Austerlitz;" and the memory of conscript sons, wrung from home only to die or be defeated, is sad and bitter in every French village. Only this spring there was a kind of vague hope that some kind of free or half-free Empire might cement the active mind of France with its inert mass of prejudice. But now such a hope is so irrecoverable that it is difficult, even to those who wrote and said so, to understand that they ever believed it. There is no government now possible in France that is helped by an hereditary attachment or the prestige of glory. The Empire was the only government which had a pretence of being such, and that has fallen so as to dispel its glory and to destroy all affection for it.

France is then left to a Government of

pure reason—at least to make a Government on grounds of pure argument and reason. But at once comes the difficulty that there is in France a great want of what Lord Bacon called “dry light.” Every opinion there is, in the Baconian language, “steeped in the humours of the affections.” There is no large number and no powerful order of persons holding opinions on the grounds of reason or argument. Poor Provost-Paradol used to maintain that the educated bourgeoisie in Paris and in a few other towns was such a body, but he admitted its powerlessness, and he was himself an example of it. When he became a candidate for Nantes, he could not obtain votes enough to make a decent minority. Neither the party for the Empire nor the party against it cared for him and his reasons. But in default of political reasons there are in France two intense political passions—the passion of property among the country peasants, and the passion for socialism among the town *ouvriers*. And, unhappily, these passions are entirely opposed. “Socialism” is an obscure term, and the idea in the minds of those who cleave to it is of the vaguest and wildest kind; still, on the whole, it means a system wishing to amend property—a system incompatible with present property. The passionate part of the Republicans in 1848, the only part of them who were eager and many, meant more or less distinctly what Louis Blanc said distinctly. He aimed avowedly at a system in which wages received should be proportionate not to work done but to wants felt. He would have given a man with many children much and a man with few children little, and he would have taxed without limit existing property for that object. A still more violent reasoner invented the celebrated phrase “*La propriété, c’est le vol*,” or “Property is robbery.” And this is only a strict deduction from the elementary wish of socialists that all men are to “start fair.” In that case all inherited property is unjust, and all gifts among the living by which the children of the rich become better off than the children of the poor are unjust too. Both violate the equality of the start; both make life an adjusted and “handicapped” race—an existence where accidental advantages impair or outweigh intrinsic qualities. Roughly it may be said that the main desire of the city socialists in France, on grounds more or less honest, is to attack property; and that the sole desire of the country peasants is, on grounds more or less selfish, to maintain property. And between the two how can you mediate? or, out of the

two combined how can you make anything? The antagonism is as perfect as between *plus* and *minus*; you can make up no compound; you can find no intermediate term; you must choose between the two.

The selection can, we fear, only be made by force; hitherto at least it has been so. Paris is France for the purpose of making a Government, but it is not France for the purpose of keeping a Government. The Parisians put in a Republic by revolution resting more or less on socialism and the artisans. The Republic, as its nature requires, appeals to the people—that is, to the country. In response to the appeal back comes an assembly full of dislike to the socialistic Republic—above all things anxious for property—full of the panic of the proprietary peasantry. And then begins the strife between the conservative Chamber and the innovating mob—a strife which is too keen and internecine to be confined to words only—which soon takes to arms and to the streets, and settles the victory there. If the Republic asks France not for a Chamber but for a President, the result will be the same in essence. The President will be, as Louis Napoleon was, the nominee of the country; while the Republic was, like the present Republic, the choice of the towns.

And the worst is that the most desirable Governments for France, as a philosopher, or at any rate as an Englishman would judge, are very popular nowhere. The political Republic—the Republic without socialism—the Orleanist monarchy—appeal neither to the passions of the country nor to those of the towns. The peasant does not connect them with his *terre*; the *ouvrier* does not connect them with his schemes. They rest on pure reason, and are weak accordingly. The Parliamentary system—the best form of free Government, as we believe—is an exotic in France, and has never yet thriven there. And the defect goes very deep. Frenchmen as yet have never shown themselves able to bear exciting discussion. A French Assembly at a critical moment is not a deliberating Senate, but a yelling mob. Everybody speaks or cries; no one hears; and an ineffectual President rings incessantly the bell which calls members to order, but to which no member attends. Outside it is the same. Each man reads his own newspaper, becomes more and more enamoured of its “logic,” but he does not read the journals of his opponents. He does not put his first principles side by side with theirs and see fairly which is best. French parties are more like sects in religion than like our Eng-

lish political parties. For the most part they only examine deductions from admitted premises, and as these premises differ, the better the logic the further the deviation. Even if the nation were as much united as most nations, this habit of mind would be a serious hindrance to free Government. Even the common questions of policy and administration incident to a free country cannot properly be discussed in such a manner. But when the active political part of the nation is divided into two hostile camps, when one-half fear above all things what the other half above all things wish, what can anyone expect from a mode of arguing which of its own nature confirms each party in its own opinion, and widens

the breach between them? Steady discussion is hardly possible in a nation which is naturally excitable, which is prone to hope and prone to terror, both to exaggeration, upon questions causing fanatical passion, and by a logic which excites everyone and convinces no one.

We have elsewhere spoken of the contingent possibilities of peace and war, and therefore need say nothing here. That the present crisis is soon certain to elicit the worst effects of these faults is very plain, and if it had not been so we should not now have dwelt on them, for France has come to that pitch of misfortune at which it is painful to say anything but good of her.

AT LYME REGIS.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

I.

CALM, azure, marble sea
As a fair palace pavement largely spread,
Where the gray bastions of the eternal hills
Lean over languidly,
Bosom'd with leafy trees, and garlanded!

II.

Peace is on all I view;
Sunshine and peace; earth clear as heaven one
hour;
Save where the sailing cloud its dusky line
Ruffles along the blue,
Brush'd by the soft wing of the silent shower.

III.

In no profounder calm
Did the great Spirit over ocean brood,
Ere the first hill his yet unclouded crest
Rear'd, or the first fair palm
Doubled her maiden beauty in the flood.

IV.

Yet if the sapphire veil
That rounds the verge were rent aside, what fast
Flashings of flame blood-red, and blood-red
smoke,
What crash of steel-tipp'd hail,
Across this calm what horror would be cast!

V.

Here, in her ancient home
Peace, sovran set since Commons warr'd with
King: —
There, the fair plains where none has lived his
life
Unvex'd by din of drum,
Or clash of arms, or panic hurrying.

VI.

Here, Nature's gentlest hues: —
There, on the dinted field a crimson stream,
River of death, once life, corrupts the turf;
And the pure natural dews
Rise rank and lurid mid the charnel steam.

VII.

Here, in God's acre, death
Smooths a green couch of rest for the white
head,—
There, stack'd in piles of tortured flesh, the
young,
Gasping a quick, hot breath,
Envy the gentler portion of the dead.

VIII.

I see the dark array
As a long snake unroll itself, and thrust
Against a wall of flame; then decompose,
Arrested in mid way;
Writhing at first; now motionless in dust.

IX.

Unswerving files! ye went
Right on the gaping mouths of hail and fire,
For God and Fatherland, — as they, whose lives,
Through glorious error spent,
At Balaklava made the world admire!

X.

Or a beleaguerr'd town
The floods of war out all around surveys,
And holds on with stout heart, though the dread
bomb
In her mild streets rain down,
And wolf-gaunt famine prowls through all her
ways.

XI.

— Fair France! Great Germany!
What less than demon impulse, lust of ill,
Could taint the natural love of man for man
With hellish savagery,
Its selfish aims through ruin to fulfil?

XII.

Was it for this your hands
Master'd each kindly trade, each art in life?
The mind explored all knowledge, and the wit
Flash'd wisdom through all lands;
And all to glut the cannon and the knife?

XIII.

Not when earth soaks with gore,
And man on man halloos the fiendish chase,
Send forth your red-cross knights to nurse the
dead!

But going forth before,
Staunch the mad jealousy of race 'gainst race.

XIV.

The boast of brotherhood,
The pride of science, progress, skill, and wealth,
Shame us : — for each hard-conquer'd gain, the
world

Rolls back its weary road,
And the kind makes no step to higher health.

XV.

He who against the slope
Heaved the returning rock, and heaved again,
Was man's true ancestor : — ourselves to know,
In hope to work 'gainst hope, —
This is the sole advance the Fates ordain.

XVI.

Peace! — in the very word
There seems a blessing; Peace! From thoughts
too deep
Turn to fair Nature's teachings, and the calm,
By fretful man unstirr'd,
Her gentle laws in even current keep.

XVII.

No fruitless strife she holds,
No jealous war for bare supremacy;
But Order binds the elements, and Love
By strong attraction folds
All atoms in one golden unity.

XVIII.

Nor fair Utopian plan
Nor false horizons lure her from her road:
Where Fate says "Yield," she yields; and what
she would
Changing for what she can,
Transmutes all evil into final good.

XIX.

God's ways he best divines
Who tracks it, frankly bold, yet calm with awe;
To whom, through strife, and seeming waste,
and death,

The night of Nature, shines
The central star of Reason and of Law.

F. T. P.

JUNE MEMORIES.

THE leaves drift down in forest ways;
The wind moans with a voice of pain;
But through the dim September days,
Like chords of some sweet haunting tune,
The memories of a happy June
Come back to me again —

A June for evermore that lies,
A pearl of purest, rarest bliss,
Shrined in delicious memories :
Sweet words and sweeter silence blest
With dewy twilights, and the scent
Of thick-flowered clematis;

Long cloudless morning hours that pass
Under oak-shadows cool and dark;
The drone of insects in the grass,
Through the hot noon-day hushed and still,
Pierced only by the sudden trill
Of one up-soaring lark;

The plash of oars at eventide:
The low clear rippling of the stream
Against the boat. Faint breezes glide
With lispings rustle in the reeds,
And slowly from the bank recedes
The sunset's violet gleam —

Lingering in many lanes to hear
The nightingale's first liquid notes
Pour rich and full. From meadows near,
Mown newly, fragrant breaths arise;
The moon across the tranquil skies
A globe of silver floats;

And all through the long summer days
My heart thrills to the fervent tones
Of one loved voice; a tender gaze
Follows me ever. Strangely bright
Life lies beneath love's mystic light. —
But now the wild wind moans :

From their dead stalks the flowers are gone,
The leaves are swept by autumn rain;
I watch in silence and alone;
And by the wood-fire's reddening blaze,
The memories of the sweet June days
Come back to me again.

Chambers' Journal.